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OFFICIAL FIGURES obtained by the United Press from the office of the League of Nations in Geneva in connection with the eleventh anniversary of the outbreak of the World War show that seven years after the end of the slaughter there are 6,055,144 men in the standing armies of fifty-nine nations. There are more men today preparing to murder and be murdered than when the "war to end war" began in 1914.

> One of the contributing causes of the Great War—the competitive race for supremacy in armaments—is actively revived today [says a United Press dispatch from London]. Now it is for the supremacy of the air. Great Britain has prepared an air budget of $77,565,000, designed to contest France's domination of the air.
>
> Only seven years after the most terrible of wars nearly every power in Europe and Asia is preparing for the "next war."

The United Press dispatch recalls that Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, British Secretary of State for War, replying to a parliamentary question, said British scientists had killed 1,001 animals in the last year in research for poison gases, while Mussolini, speaking in the Italian Chamber, said: "Do you think the Great War was the last war? We must be prepared because the next war will not give us time to prepare, but may come totally unforeseen." The Japanese Navy Department has announced the construction of twenty-two warships with a total tonnage of 124,000, and the War Commissar of Russia recently told the Congress of Soviets that the international situation would not permit Russia to reduce the army below 552,000.

THE UNITED PRESS correspondent goes on to cite indications of the war spirit in Europe:

> Jugoslavia has bought an additional 150 military airplanes from France. Russia is purchasing large quantities of airplanes in Holland.
>
> The Italian Minister of Marine urged the passage of a naval budget of 1,000,000,000 lire, or fifty-five millions more than previously.
>
> Fokker, the famous Dutch designer, has invented a super-fighting airplane of 1,000 horsepower, carrying six machine guns and a half ton of bombs, and traveling 180 miles an hour.
>
> J. C. C. Davidson, parliamentary secretary of the British Admiralty, announced in Commons that 345 war vessels have been laid down in the world since the armistice and 200 more are projected.
>
> France is establishing an air base at Cherbourg which is much commented upon in Britain.

These indications are solely in the Old World. But are we of the New World doing our full share to avoid the catastrophe of a "next war"? Have we not at this moment a naval fleet in the Pacific, sent to impress the Orient with our power, and are not the Congressmen who lately visited Hawaii clamoring for a greater armament of the island? In the face of all this it is hard to have patience with those who champion merely the alleviation or the limitation of war. Is there any possibility of restraining this madness except to lay down arms and refuse point-blank to fight or prepare to fight?

"DO YOU KNOW"—ask Edward Hachtel of the Fellowship of Youth for Peace, John Nevin Sayre of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and Tucker P. Smith of the Y. M. C. A.—

> That 75,000 college students and 40,000 high-school students drilled in uniform for three hours every week in the last college year? (See War Appropriations Hearings, U. S. House, 1925, also U. S. House Report 288, page 14.)
>
> That 745 officers and 1,000 enlisted men have been detailed by the War Department to carry on this regimentation of youth in the schools and colleges? (See Army List and Directory, March 1, 1925, pp. 50-62.)
>
> That in contrast only 119 officers were thus engaged in 1916, with no attempt being made at that time to enlist high-school students in this Crusade of Militarism? (See Army List and Directory, December 1, 1916.)
>
> That the War Department in the fiscal year 1925 is spending on summer camps alone $2,100,000 for the purpose of inducing 28,000 citizens to take military training in these camps? There were no such camps previous to 1921. (See War Appropriations, U. S. House, 1925. Also U. S. House Report 288, page 14.)
>
> That today in many high schools and universities military training has been made compulsory, so that boys


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who are not Quakers are subject to coercion? Yet neither the National Defense Act, nor any land-grant act to State universities, nor any other federal enactment requires any institution to maintain compulsory drill. (See brief regarding military training at universities, by Walter L. Longstreth, prepared for Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends, obtainable at Room 15, 1305 Arch St., Phila., Pa.)

MOST OF US KNEW in a general way. Few of us have been awake to the extent of this organized threat to the young manhood of America. The War Department has fooled us. The Junior Reserve Officers Training Corps Manual says:

> The purpose of this book is not to make soldiers out of your boys, but to develop them physically, morally, and mentally into the best type of citizens, capable of defending our flag should an emergency arise. . . .

The Infantry Drill Regulations for 1925 for use with the R. O. T. C. manual, however, instruct the officers frankly and without bunk:

> Always remember that the men are the material being trained and molded for the work of battle. They should be handled with the same care which an expert artisan gives a fine tool.
>
> So it is necessary that a drill instructor look and act at all times on the drill field and elsewhere like a trained soldier, if he is to create in the minds of his men a desire to be like him. They are being trained to be soldiers, and the model should be actually before them.

The high-school R. O. T. C. schedule gives 40 hours to physical training, 248 to military drill, and not a minute to citizenship. The college course gives (in four years) 6 hours to physical training, 506 to military training, and not a minute to citizenship; the citizens' military camps give a perfunctory 5 hours to citizenship; 10 to physical training, 5 to hygiene, and 90 to military instruction. Further information on this camouflaged campaign to militarize America may be obtained at Room 385, Bible House, New York City.

ENGLAND'S COAL CRISIS is no ordinary strike threat; it may end in the reorganization of the industry. So far the moves made on both sides are only jockeying for position in the struggle to come. The present break between owners and miners comes at the end of a three-months conference which attempted to find a way out of the situation. The coal industry in England is in a precarious position; since the war four crises have occurred and each time only minor tinkering has been done. Exports have fallen off enormously, operating costs are high, and the employers declare that they cannot continue to run the mines at a loss. During the last 18 months 400 pits have been closed down; more than 200,000 miners are out of work. Wages, in proportion to the cost of living, are far below the level of 1914. The miners have declared, and they have been strong enough to maintain their stand, that they will not consider a reduction in wages or a lengthening of the seven-hour workday. Consequently the owners have given notice of the termination, on August 1, of the present agreement with the miners, and the miners have responded by threatening to strike. The railwaymen have warned that they will refuse to move coal in case of a strike; and talk of a general strike has been heard. The owners, however, have refused to withdraw their notice; possibly they wish only to bring the present long-drawn-out dispute to a head; or they may hope that the Government will get them out of the hole. It would be typical of British history if a Tory Government should move toward the nationalization for which Labor has fought.

THAT FORCE BEGETS FORCE is so well known that it is hard to hold Mussolini and the Fascist Party guiltless of political brutalities in Italy even when they may have had no direct hand in them or have made definite efforts to prevent the outrages. If newspaper dispatches are to be credited, the recent attack upon Deputy Amendola, chief among the opponents of the present regime, was not officially inspired by the Fascisti. Amendola had gone to Montecatini to take the water cure for which the town is famous, but a crowd surrounded his hotel and became so menacing that local Fascist leaders urged the deputy to leave. He did so, his motor car guarded by Fascist militia to the town gate. Later he was ambushed at night and severely beaten. The trouble with Fascist efforts in an affair like this is that no one can hope to hold in leash men who daily drink in a gospel of force and violence from their great chief, Mussolini himself. The Fascisti will have to do a lot of house-cleaning higher up before they can expect decency in the ranks.

ITALY'S IDEA OF HOUSE-CLEANING, however, seems to consist in the expulsion of foreign correspondents who tell unpleasant truths. She has just expelled George Seldes, representative of the Chicago *Tribune*, on the ground that his dispatches were misleading and exaggerated. We do not believe the charge—having followed the work of Mr. Seldes (a brother of Gilbert Seldes) for many years. But even if it were true it would be no reason to expel him. Such high-handed action can only lead outsiders to believe that Italy is attempting to conceal something shameful. We are proud to note that the Rome representatives of the New York *World*, Chicago *Daily News*, Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, *Christian Science Monitor*, and the United Press have protested against the treatment of Mr. Seldes and announced that if the Mussolini Government persisted in its attitude they would ask their newspapers to withdraw them from Rome. The European correspondents of the American press have more than once demonstrated their loyalty to the principle of the freedom of the press, and we hope that their home offices will boldly sustain them.

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN even in the worst-regulated families, and it is not exactly the fault of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company that announcement should be made of permission to increase its passenger rates just at the moment when publication of its semi-annual report showed a largely increased net income in the last six months. The New York Public Service Commission has given permission to the railway to raise its commutation fares within the State by 40 per cent, while the Interstate Commerce Commission has allowed an increase in interstate commutation rates of 20 per cent. At the same time we learn that the net income of the railway for the first six months of 1925 was $2,663,574, as against $473,514 for the same period in 1924, which raises the question whether on the basis of recent income any rate increases are justified. Much more important, though, to the public at large is the question whether in the long run higher rates will not defeat their

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own end by diminishing the company's business and thus its income. Everybody knows that automobile buses are giving the railroads stiffer competition than ever before on short hauls. Yet the railroads generally are quite without imagination or enterprise in meeting this competition.

"WELL, IT'S THEIR OWN FUNERAL," is the easy conclusion of the average person. It isn't. The nation has invested its materials and labor to the extent of millions of dollars in the railways, and it is of far more consequence to the average person that this plant be utilized and run for his benefit than it is to the stockholders and officers. It is an axiom of physics that one can move a given load easier and cheaper on hard wheels over an unyielding track than on flexible wheels over an even slightly irregular roadway. The advantage of the motor bus or truck lies chiefly in the smaller capital outlay necessary, in a saving in loading and unloading, in the flexibility of its routing, and in operating economy due to the use of smaller vehicles. But so far as the railroads go, the capital expenditure, to a large extent, has already been made. To take advantage of that outlay we think they will have to organize their own collection and delivery services (reducing the existing appalling duplication and waste) and run more and shorter trains. For a railroad like the New Haven, with a large amount of short-haul passenger traffic, there is obviously a field for one-car trains operated by gasoline engines or other power cheaper than the modern locomotive. In our issue of June 17 we noted an experiment of that sort by the New Haven. Certainly railways can no longer hope to meet automobile competition by the outworn formula of raising fares and reducing the number of trains.

HOUSES WITHOUT PROFITEERING are rising—slowly but safely. We commented in our issue of July 22 on the importance of the experiment of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which, on new housing in New York City renting for $9 a room per month, made a net profit of 9¼ per cent for the first full year of operation. This ought to be a spur to cooperative building, since commercial builders are not offering anything comparable to the apartments of the Metropolitan Life for less than two or three times the price. But cooperative building, like all other kinds of cooperation, makes headway with difficulty in the United States. New York City, of course, is littered with so-called cooperative apartments, mostly at high prices, which have been constructed within the last few years. Some of them are doubtless good investments for those who have the money, but they need to be expertly scrutinized, for the real-estate agents and builders take their profits before the public is invited to come in and "cooperate."

COOPERATIVE HOUSING of the true kind seems to have its best future not by means of specially organized groups but through labor unions, fraternal bodies, and other existing societies. This latter method has the advantage of starting with an already-organized group of persons of similar ideas and economic status, and it provides a business experience and stability which otherwise may be lacking. The garment-trade unions in New York City are an instance. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers are engaged in a cooperative housing enterprise, while the Labor Home Building Corporation has just obtained a loan of $950,000 from the Prudential Insurance Company with which to finance a five-story apartment house in the Bronx to accommodate 242 families. Behind the Labor Home Building Corporation are the International Ladies' Garment Workers, the International Fur Workers, the United Cloth Hat and Cap Makers, and the Pocketbook and Leather Goods Workers. It is estimated that the carrying charges for the apartments, including amortization, will be about $14 a room per month.

ANOTHER SPECIALIST in forging Soviet documents has been arrested—this time in Vienna. Alexander Jakubowitz is the gentleman who supplied the Tsankoff Government in Bulgaria with evidences that the Soviet Government inspired the bombing of the Sofia Cathedral and planned other outrages. He also did a lively business providing fearsome documents for the Rumanian and Jugoslav representatives in Vienna. Austria's police found him in possession of an excellent set of forging implements and an unfinished "Soviet document." Unfortunately Mr. Jakubowitz needed one more die to perfect his screed, and the missing die was in Berlin, where his friend Drusilovski, the super-forger, had just been arrested. And so his plans went agley. Austrian law does not provide any penalty for mere forgery; it must be proved that the forger obtained money for his products. Since the gullible Balkan envoys are not eager to expose their gullibility in court, the matter rests there. Meanwhile, however, Bulgaria, on the strength of this gentleman's forgeries, has persuaded the Allies to permit her to increase her army, and has officially murdered some hundreds of persons who never knew who had invented the documents that incriminated them.

NOT ALL MIRRORS ARE AIDS to vanity. Sometimes the picture of America as reflected in the foreign press is a little startling. As, for instance, the comment of the Glasgow *Forward* upon this New York dispatch to the London *Times:*

MUNICIPAL TRADING IN PETROL—STANDARD OIL COMPANY'S SUIT

*(From Our Own Correspondent)*

NEW YORK, June 3.—The Standard Oil Company has brought a suit in Nebraska the outcome of which is awaited with great interest in many other States. The suit is for a perpetual injunction to restrain the city of Lincoln from maintaining a retail petrol [British for gasoline] station. At this station the city sells petrol to motorists for 18 cents a gallon, although the oil company maintains that 22 cents a gallon, which it charges, is a fair price.

In its petition the Standard Oil Company contends that the only grant of power in the law which permitted the city to frame its own charter was for its own government. The selling of petrol retail, it asserts, is not part of the business of government; furthermore, petrol is not a necessity, so that there is no warrant for the exercise of police powers to justify the city selling it.

"Seldom," says the *Forward,* "has one seen a more naked and unashamed illustration of the sheer undisguised greed of private 'enterprise.' . . . A public authority sells 'petrol' to motorists at 4 cents a gallon cheaper than the great oil trust sells, so the public authority is haled before the law courts, and an attempt made to prevent the public receiving the benefit of public enterprise."

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# William Jennings Bryan

BRYAN early won the love and confidence of a vast section of the American people, and he held his devoted personal following for nearly thirty years. With the echoes of the Dayton trial still in our ears, it is easy to forget the great crusades of his early days and to miss his significance in American life. The New York *Herald Tribune* of today can afford to speak of his exacting moral code and of his political honor. In 1896 the *Tribune* wrote that

> The wretched rattle-pated boy, posing in vapid vanity and mouthing resounding rottenness, was not the real leader of that league of hell. He was only a puppet in the blood-imbued hands of Altgeld, the anarchist, and Debs, the revolutionist. But he was a willing puppet, Bryan was—willing and eager. None of his masters was more apt than he at lies and forgeries and blasphemies and all the nameless iniquities of that campaign against the Ten Commandments.

What was the secret of this hatred in the newspapers, which pursued him all his life? It was more than free silver that made the *Tribune* foam. The "boy orator of the Platte" represented in that day what his contemporary La Follette expressed in the next generation—the protest of the Western farmers against the domination of public life by the vast aggregations of capital centering in New York City. We forget today the denunciation in Bryan's 1896 platform of "government by injunction as a new and highly dangerous form of oppression by which federal judges, in contempt of the laws of the State and rights of citizens, become at once legislators, judges, and executioners." We remember the "cross of gold," and forget that in the same speech Bryan eloquently pleaded the cause of the federal income tax (which even *The Nation* of that day regarded as a dangerous precedent) and insisted—doubly interesting today—that the income-tax law was not unconstitutional when it was passed or the first time it went before the Supreme Court. "It did not become unconstitutional," he said, "until one judge changed his mind; and we cannot be expected to know when a judge will change his mind." There in 1896 Bryan was pointing out the fallibility of the Supreme Court, as La Follette insisted upon it in 1924—and it is profoundly discouraging to reflect that the country in 1896 seemed to be more open-minded on the question than in 1924.

The curse of his free-silver mistake followed Bryan all his life. The "gold standard" is a kind of fetish in the business fraternity; like Bryan upon religion, they will not reason, but prepare for battle on mention of the phrase. Much of the criticism of monometallism in the years preceding the Bryan and McKinley campaign was justified. No one could foresee the Alaska gold rush or the development of the Transvaal mines, which made the success of the gold standard possible while inconspicuously giving that larger basis to the currency for which Bryan and his cohorts had somewhat unintelligently fought. The historian smiles to think that Bryan was feared all his life because in 1896 he bore a standard which McKinley, Lodge, and other heroes of the Republican faith had earlier espoused. They, however, spoke for "free silver" at a safe time and without any sense of protest against Eastern capital. Bryan helped to make it a class issue and a sectional issue. "Upon which side shall the Democratic Party fight?" he asked a hesitating convention. "Upon the side of the idle holders of idle capital or upon the side of the struggling masses? Burn down your cities and leave our farms," he cried, "and your cities will spring up again as if by magic. But destroy our farms, and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in this country." And accordingly all the power of capital, idle or occupied, was thrown against him, and the newspapers bayed at him as at few men in the history of this country.

Instinctively Bryan chose the side of the people as against the powers of money, but it was his weakness that his heart was much stronger than his head. La Follette knew his issues; he studied, he toiled to master every fact and every detail before he made his smashing public indictments. La Follette's career in Washington was an attempt to work out on a national scale policies which he had already applied on a smaller scale while governor of Wisconsin. Bryan had no executive and almost no legislative experience. He was lost when pinned down to detail. He had no talent for administration; in the State Department he floundered. It is significant that the man who sincerely fought the Presidential campaign of 1900 upon the issue of anti-imperialism bears the official responsibility for two of the most outrageous examples of brute imperialism in American history. He was engaged in negotiating an excellent if somewhat vague series of peace and arbitration treaties with all the nations of the world; and while he was doing that American troops ruthlessly invaded Vera Cruz in Mexico, and later stamped out the century-long independence of Haiti. Of course Bryan took no initiative in either of these proceedings; but neither did he do anything to stop them. He fought imperialism more effectively on the Chautauqua circuit than in the State Department. He resigned as Secretary of State because he thought the President's course was drifting dangerously toward war; but he did nothing else to stop the drift, and when the war came he ridiculously volunteered as a private. And his last wish was to be buried in the Arlington military cemetery, on the strength of his military record in raising a regiment of Nebraska volunteers for the Spanish War. Always the heart swept him on, with no check from a reasoning head. When the anti-evolution issue came up he dashed valiantly to the defense of the Christian religion without stopping to inquire whether the Christian religion was in danger or how it could best be defended. And when Clarence Darrow got him on the witness stand he revealed himself as a pathetically sincere and pitifully ignorant old man.

The lapse of time leaves heroes stranded. Bryan was stirring as a boy orator, pleading for the people against the powers of capital; he was splendid preaching democracy to an imperialist age; he was magnificent when in 1912 he made the Democratic convention nominate Wilson in spite of itself; there was something noble in his lonely gesture of serving grape juice to the foreign diplomats, taking his convictions seriously even in public office—but it is pathetic to think of the hero of such crusades spending his last years selling real estate and attempting to keep science out of the schools. The world has a right to ask of its leaders something more than sincerity and a generous heart.

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# Germany's Peace Offensive

GERMANY'S answer to the French security notes is another step toward peace. A long vista of negotiations opens ahead, but Europe is on the right road. And vastly more important than the phrases of the diplomatic notes is the fact that the French troops are out of the Ruhr. That mischievous invasion of German territory plunged Europe anew into a haze of war talk. Drums beat, troops marched, men talked angrily. Hate boiled on both sides of the Rhine. France was still so bitter that Herriot, a year ago, dared go no further than to give a secret pledge that the French troops would come out in August, 1925. Germany, naturally, has not yet recovered from the ill temper stirred by Poincaré's act of war, with all its ruinous aftermath.

Now the troops are out at last. France is back within the military frontiers set by the Treaty of Versailles. Stresemann's note, and his subsequent speeches, clearly imply his expectation that in return for Germany's agreement to a security pact France will go further and consent to evacuation of the Cologne sector. The treaty, it will be recalled, provided that the Cologne sector would be evacuated after five years, if Germany had fulfilled her obligations under the treaty, the Coblenz sector after ten years, and the Mainz sector after fifteen years. Cologne was due for evacuation in January, and there is only the scantest of technical excuses for the delay. England and France punctually notified Germany that because of her defaults they could not proceed with the withdrawal as scheduled, but it took them three months to agree as to what the defaults were. Let us hope that the day of such chicanery is past. Germany is making the modifications in her military system which the Allies suggested, and complaints on that score seem to have ceased. The irritating presence of the French troops in the Ruhr is no more; if the Allies will only proceed to liberate Cologne, too, at once, they will go far to give the fulfilment policy in Germany the support which it needs.

France has been taught to put her faith in force. She has acquired a habit of looking eastward at her larger neighbor, and of shuddering—and believing that only an army on guard can preserve her. Possibly the amicable tone of the present discussions will help to cure her of that unreasonable state of mind. The urgent need of her troops in Morocco may also be of assistance. Sooner or later she will have to rely for security upon the pledged word of other nations—including Germany—and upon the rightness of her own actions. Ten years hence, fifteen years hence—some [illegible]—the whole Rhineland will have to be evacuated; and [illegible]e taxes herself eternally to maintain, with a population [illegible] thirds of Germany's, an army five times as large, she [illegible]only lose in the economic competition which lies at the [illegible] of national power.

[illegible]ermany has offered France a pledge never to make [illegible]to accept the Western frontier as binding and to resort [illegible]itration in case of disputes concerning the Eastern [illegible]r. France replied, insisting that Germany first join [illegible]gue of Nations, and reiterating, in somewhat am[illegible] terms, her right to resort to force if Germany failed [illegible]eaty obligations. Germany's reply is, as M. Briand [illegible]easonable basis for further negotiations. She is [illegible] join the League, but only upon assurance that she will not be obliged to violate her neutrality by aiding in a war or by transshipping foreign troops across her territory. Forced by treaty to reduce her army to 100,000 men, she feels she has the right to ask that she be freed from military obligations. Furthermore, she naturally declines the suggestion that France—ally of both Poland and Czecho-Slovakia—become a "guarantor" of Germany's treaties with those nations. Some of the most controversial points the note leaves untouched.

And that may be just as well. The fundamental need is for a peace atmosphere. Too much debate can spoil the air. It is something to be grateful for that Germany and France today find it possible to write polite notes without thumbing their noses at each other. There is, of course, a certain unreality in this long-range hallooing by means of studiously worded notes. How long will it be before their representatives can sit down together, face to face, and actually work out an agreement? Perhaps, when the two nations acquire the habit of friendly conversation France will throw off that strange obsession which has led her to demand that every "peace pact" be sealed by military guaranties. When the nations begin at last to talk peace in terms of peace, instead of thinking of it in terms of threats and penalties, Europe will really have emerged from her dismal war psychosis.

# Dayton—And After

THE liberal, enraged by the fantastic proceedings at Dayton, is likely to be impatient with any effort merely to ameliorate the situation there revealed. He is in no mood for compromise and he feels like proclaiming boldly the right of every citizen to speak or to teach as his conscience dictates. Yet the fact remains that such a right, however desirable it may be, is not recognized by either our law or our customs. Some restrictions are and will continue to be, at least for many years to come, placed upon the freedom of teaching by both law and public opinion; and no general or absolute recognition of the right to such freedom is to be expected. Conditions have for years been bad—Tennessee, after all, is only doing by statute what other States do by public opinion. In many States a Catholic is virtually barred from the teaching profession; during the war dissent was rigidly suppressed—a Quaker teacher was ousted in New York City merely because she preferred not to conduct Liberty-loan campaigns among her pupils; and the Geneseo (New York) State Normal School is now stirred by the dismissal of two instructors whose Columbia-University brand of psychology was considered too radical by their superiors.

What the affair at Dayton has proved is simply this: There is no law so fantastic that it may not be passed by a legislature and supported by a court. Liberals who have sometimes amused themselves by imagining burlesque statutes to illustrate a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Volstead Act or the Clean-Books Bill are on the point of awakening to find their nightmares real. Those who saw Mr. Scopes on trial can be surprised by nothing. For a long time it has been known that not one legislator out of a dozen had the courage to vote against anything introduced under the guise of "morality," but the fundamentalists in religion, ethics, sociology, and manners are only beginning to understand the extent of the power which this fact puts into their hands. The success at Dayton has surprised

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even them by its completeness, and the next year will see a flood of bills introduced into the legislature of every State in the Union which will make the worst buffooneries of Kansas seem almost sensible. Busybodies are likely to unearth a dozen such statutes as that which Congress unwittingly passed precluding payment of salaries to teachers who are guilty of "disrespect of the Bible." Such harmless-appearing gestures can be made to include in their prohibitions anything from the theory of evolution to Thomas Hardy's novels. There is no science which does not somewhere and somehow exhibit "disrespect for the Bible," no history which does not cast some aspersions upon national heroes, and no literature that cannot be regarded as both "dangerous" and "immoral." Stretch the legislation which every legislature is ready to pass as the laws against espionage, syndicalism, or "discouraging recruiting" were stretched and you will paralyze all education, all journalism, and all literature.

There is, we fear, no power on earth which could at the present moment cause Tennessee to repeal her anti-evolution bill, and very little hope that liberals will be able to win anywhere in the United States the complete intellectual freedom which they believe they have a right to have. In the face of such circumstances it is folly to take one's stand simply upon abstract principles of freedom; specific attacks upon this or that will have to be met with specific objections. Speak to the average Tennesseean, or, for that matter, to the average New Yorker, about academic freedom, and he will no more know what you are talking about than he would if you spoke to him concerning the metaphysical aspects of the trinitarian dogma or any of the other unconsidered theological conceptions which he is perfectly willing to see written in the statute books if assured that they promote good morals. But prove to him that the doctor who cut out his appendix, and all the scientists for whom he has a vague respect (gained largely from the Sunday newspapers), consider the theory of evolution a necessary part of scientific training and he may possibly be persuaded not to make a fool of himself.

The ultimate fate of the Tennessee law in the supreme courts of the State and nation will not really depend upon its constitutionality or unconstitutionality. If it is thrown out, any one of several grounds may be given for the decision, but the real reason will be that the judges recognize its absurdity and are therefore willing to seize the best available technical excuse for declaring it invalid. Constitutional guaranties of this freedom or that are feeble reeds on which to lean, and they are wont to fail a minority when it needs them most. So the fight for free speech, free literature, or free science will, in the main, be made, in each instance, upon the reasonableness of the individual case. Hence the necessity for that strategy at Dayton which Mr. Hays of the defense counsel describes elsewhere in this issue. The time seems to have passed, in America at least, when popular indignation can be aroused in defense of an abstract principle of the sort which appeared important to those founders of our government who believed freedom worth defending for its own sake. If liberals win the case against the Tennessee law they will not, thereby, win the acceptance of any general principle. They will have killed one bit of fool legislation, but they will be compelled to fight almost as hard against the next. The fact that a judge believes in evolution will by no means prove that he is willing to tolerate radical sociology or tobacco.

# Hail to the Chief!

BELLEVILLE, ILL. (By Associated Press).—Big Chief Henkemeyer, a cigar-store Indian for fifty years, will soon have a place of prominence and dignity as a statue on Perrin's ledge overlooking the Illinois River. He will be placed on a concrete pedestal on the estate of J. Nick Perrin and will be unveiled in September with special exercises.

The wooden chief has stood on a rostrum before a local cigar-store for twenty-five years. Previous to this his stolid visage had graced a tobacconist's shop in St. Louis for twenty-five years and was purchased by the late Peter Mohr for the sum of $70.

The ancient chief in his full regalia has been crated for his journey to Perrin's ledge, where he will be set on the loftiest pinnacle.

The Indian figure has withstood the onslaughts of all kinds of weather. It was damaged once, when a Fourth of July reveler placed a pinwheel in its mouth which resulted in the burning of a cheek. Chief Henkemeyer is five feet high.

HAIL to the Chief! This bluff old wooden Indian is among the last of a once mighty line of rulers one of whom stood just outside the door of every cigar store worthy of the name in the older America. The fact that Chief Henkemeyer is to be transported from his natural and rightful realm to an artificial kingdom away from the odor of tobacco is a sharp reminder that the older America in which he ruled has passed. For the change of position is not a promotion for Chief Henkemeyer. He may enjoy purer air and a finer view on Perrin's ledge, overlooking the Illinois River; more people may gaze at him and his pedestal may be kept in better repair than before; but he will become a puppet instead of a real ruler. The divine right of kings will be his no more, because he will be despoiled of his kingdom. He may gain in pomp, but his power will be about that of the Sultan of Morocco since the French occupation.

It was a real and an interesting kingdom over which these old cigar-store Indians presided, and it has passed away almost as completely as have the chiefs. The owner of the old-fashioned cigar store was an individual and not a chain. He gave away no coupons good (after collecting for several years) for a paper knife or a silver-backed hair-brush, but he peddled a large amount of village gossip and he was a good companion for the lonesome, for he kept open at hours when about every other kind of shop was closed. He kept open even on Sundays!

And he dealt in rather a different line of goods from the links of the modern chain. The cigarette had not yet made its conquest. Only anemic young fellows smoked it. Men smoked cigars or pipes. Women didn't smoke at al at least only very wicked ones did. Also men chewed. "chaw" of tobacco was as necessary as a smoke. Tod even in the Supreme Court of the United States, chew tobacco is going out.

Chief Henkemeyer will be lonesome sometimes ga out over the Illinois River, especially on cold nights Sunday mornings—when his old realm of Tobaccoland the liveliest. But he would be even lonelier if he tr return to his realm—for it is no longer there. It ha with the Indians and the bison—West! The old rule soon be found only in museums of antiquities.

Hail—and farewell—to the Chief!

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# The Strategy of the Scopes Defense

By ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

EDITORIAL comment on the Scopes case seems to indicate a complete misunderstanding of the purposes and strategy of the defense. "A Wandering Defense" is the characterization of the New York *World*, which presents the issue as a clear one—whether "the State of Tennessee may establish the Bible of the fundamentalists as the official standard of truth in the public schools."

Mr. Darrow's eloquent argument on the motion to quash the indictment showed that the defense never misunderstood the main issue. This was clear throughout the trial—from his first claim that the law was unconstitutional because it "makes the Bible the yardstick" of every man's learning, to his last shot at Mr. Bryan in which he proclaimed his purpose to prevent the educational system of the United States from being throttled by ignorance and bigotry.

But there was more to the case than that. We presented a supposititious law parallel in text, making it a crime to teach, contrary to the Bible, that the earth moved around the sun. The difference between the two laws was that the Copernican theory is well established. The court, without hearing evidence, held the Tennessee law constitutional on its face. We wished to show by scientific testimony that the facts substantiate the theory of evolution, and thus to prove the recent law as unreasonable as the supposititious one. If unreasonable, the law would not be within the police power of the State. Thus the introduction of this evidence had a sound legal basis and was pertinent to the issue involved. Mr. Malone's brilliant speech related to this question. He took Bryan's slogan of a duel to the death, and pointed out that Mr. Bryan's idea of a duel was to strap his adversary to a board and threaten him, defenseless, with a flaming sword. Why the fear if the proofs of evolution are not effective?

But this was not all. If the fight of liberalism and honest thinking is to be won it must have the support of millions of intelligent Christians who accept the Bible as a book of morals and inspiration and who thus find no conflict between it and any scientific fact. They were entitled to the presentation of their point of view. This led to evidence of what the Bible is, its history, meaning, translation, application, and interpretation. Mr. Bryan was called as an expert on the Bible. He admitted that the earth was millions of years old. He agreed that no intelligent person would accept the Bible literally. Even from Mr. Bryan our case might have been proved. And such evidence would further show that the law was indefinite and therefore unenforceable; was unreasonable and therefore unconstitutional.

It is to this phase of the defense that most of the criticism is directed, for it led to the position that evolution and the story of creation in the Bible are not necessarily inconsistent. Even if the Bible and the theory of evolution were entirely contradictory the law is a bad one, so why take the position that they can be reconciled? On their face they are utterly inconsistent. But this assumes that all people think alike. The Holy Rollers in the hills of Tennessee insist that the earth is flat: "Look at it, brother, look at it." So with the dissenters and the Bible: "Look at the words, brother, look at the words." Churchmen answer: "Look at the spirit, brother, look at the spirit." We felt that there was a real value, not only because it was sound law and a fair defense but likewise from a public point of view, in presenting the position of millions of churchgoers who are defenders of science. We made it clear that as lawyers we expressed no opinion on this, but that the evidence would completely answer the bigot's contention that we must choose between science and religion or even between science and the Bible.

After all, if we were to accomplish anything of real value it was important to recognize the point of view of the fundamentalists. They insisted that since religion should not be taught in the public schools it was unfair to teach a theory that to them negatived religion. To them religion is the Bible. To them evolution is described by the statement of Mr. McKenzie acting for, if not speaking for, the State of Tennessee. "God threw a dish-rag into the sea and said 'Now be a good boy and behave yourself and in about six million years I'll come around and make a man of you.'" These people would admit the importance of separating church from state, but they would demand that while the Bible was not to be the "official standard of truth" in the schools, neither was evolution. They feel that this law eliminates both. In the words of one of the State counsel: "If I have to choose between education and religion, I'll choose religion." In the words of a preacher in the hills: "I thank God I ain't educated." Evidence which would tend to show that there is no conflict between religion and science, or even between the Bible, accepted as a book of morals, and science, would be more effective in answering their claims than a mere contention that the schools must be free to teach what these fundamentalists regard as irreligion. And to show the unreasonableness of the law no evidence could have been more persuasive to the presiding judge.

In other words, the defense, far from having wandered, was based upon three definite propositions: First, that the law was unconstitutional because it attempted to make the Bible the test of truth; second, that the law was unconstitutional because in the light of present-day knowledge of evolution, to be adduced from scientists, it was unreasonable; and third, that the evidence of Mr. Bryan and other students of the Bible would show not only that there was no inconsistency between an acceptance of the evolution of man and of the Bible, but would also show that the law was indefinite as well as unreasonable, because no two persons understand the Bible alike.

Many would have presented the simple issue that the law on its face violated constitutional guaranties. The defense went further and sought to show that such laws result in hate and intolerance, that they are conceived in bigotry and born in ignorance—ignorance of the Bible, of religion, of history, and of science.

Dayton at first was friendly but unresponsive, then antagonistic and impervious, then tensely hostile, then mildly interested, then eager. The youth were triumphant.

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They cheered Darrow. Possibly no one's attitude was changed, except perhaps subconsciously, but thought permeates. They greeted Darrow as an infidel, found him an agnostic, acclaimed him more sympathetic, more tolerant, more kindly, and more Christian than the prosecution. The psalm-singing, prayer-meeting, muttering groups in the courtyard the first days, surrounded by signs threatening future punishment in hell to unbelievers, gave way to circles of men earnestly discussing the issues in the main streets. Representative Butler, who introduced the bill, learned for the first time that there was more than one Bible and thought the scientific evidence would give him a "right smart" education. The jury expressed disappointment not to have heard the words of scientists which they had feared would weaken their faith. A fundamentalist minister told me they had been terribly shocked when we had objected to prayer in court, but later had talked it over and had thought perhaps we were right, that it wouldn't have been fair to have had the fundamentalist minister of each juryman practically suggesting a verdict to his parishioner! Another minister asked me to send him a work to which I had referred—Andrew D. White's "The Warfare of Science Against Theology." The judge said he would receive, and I know he will read, Darwin's "Origin of Species" and "The Descent of Man." Robinson's drug-store will contain a circulating library of works on evolution, the first one consisting of the scientific evidence in the record of this trial. The intelligent minority in the State, heretofore amused, is now ashamed. Lawyers of Tennessee at first refused to be connected with the case, then offered advice *sub rosa*, then openly proclaimed themselves with the defense. It is possible that laws of this kind will hereafter meet the opposition of an aroused public opinion. That was not without our purpose. If we have succeeded to some extent, we feel we have answered the criticism of those who regard the issue as a narrow one of constitutional law.

What the trial lacked in dignity it gained in democracy. The real basic questions involved were brought into the open. The question is not whether Howard Morgan learned that life had developed from a single cell, which information didn't "hurt him any." The question is not merely one of whether such laws accord with American institutions. The question is whether among civilized people ignorance and intolerance, even when indulged in by the majority and made into law, should be permitted to stifle education.

That people should derive light and education from court proceedings may be novel, but can hardly be objectionable.

# Communist Art

By LOUIS FISCHER

WORKINGMEN in Russia laugh when you tell them that British labor meetings open with a prayer or that English Socialists celebrate their victories in church. The Pope's recent encyclical against Communism rather shook some of the Catholic followers of MacDonald until they decided on a sort of condominium of Marx and the Holy Father, the one to color their politics, the other their religious life. But to the Bolshevik such a combination is as strange as it is impossible. Communism is not merely an abstract idea or a code of laws, a garment doffed when the need arises. It is a philosophy of life which determines its adherents' class sympathies, religion, social behavior, and moral standards. It has as direct, and as negative, an attitude toward church attendance and wife-beating as it has toward capitalism and imperialism.

This is one of the essential differences between the Socialist and the Communist, the evolutionist and the revolutionist. The Socialist lives the life of the ordinary bourgeois mortal, only his mind accepts as correct and wise a certain economic doctrine. On the other hand, the Communist who does not eat, dress, lodge, think, work, marry, and die bolshevistically is not a good Communist. There can be millionaire Socialists, but a rich Communist is an anomaly. To be sure, many Russian Communists, especially many Russian Communists working abroad, do not live up to the high standard of their party, but it is important to note that the standard exists, that entrance into or expulsion from the ranks of the party depends on it, and, moreover, that it has been distilled out of long practice.

If Marxism purposes only to change governmental forms and to nationalize mines and banks and factories its aims are indeed limited, for there is something evil in all government and the millennium will not arrive as a result of nationalization. These reforms must be projected a step forward into the personal, non-political lives of men, into the realm of culture. It is no accident, therefore, that Trotzky writes "Questions of Life," in which he treats of marriage, the family, swearing, public kitchens, etc. He does so as a statesman, not as a dilettante. Nor is it by chance that he comes upon the subject of "Literature and Revolution." His book by that name is more a political treatise than a criticism of art: How is the revolution changing social forms? Do these new forms, can these new forms, express themselves in art? In the same way, the Central Committee of the Communist Party follows a discussion and resolution on peasant soviets or the federal budget with another on conflicting schools of poets and prose writers.

The revolution of 1917 was not tantamount to the substitution of one ruling party for another. It was a gigantic social upheaval. It well-nigh destroyed an entire class; it certainly made the ways, traditions, customs, culture of that class *non grata*. It released a great stratum of society which had been held under foot. This stratum is educationally inferior to its ex-rulers, but physically and spiritually it is healthier. It is strong, young, capable of action, sure-footed, and does not need fox-trots and "La Garçonnes" and other forms of vicarious excitement.

Inevitably, tastes and demands for art have undergone modification in Soviet Russia. The changes are definite and tangible. Thus, the famous Russian ballet is popular no longer; people consider it a vermiform appendix of the

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past. Dostoevsky, Turgenev, Chekhov, Pushkin, Lermontov, the outstanding lights of Russian literature, find few readers and fewer adorers. Tchaikowsky, the gifted composer, is considered passé. The renowned Moscow Art Theater of Stanislavsky, Moskvin, and Kachalov which charmed America and Europe frequently bores the Russian animated by the spirit of these times. The new attitude toward matters of art suggests the question, "Is a thing of beauty a joy forever, or do art values fluctuate in the tide of events? Is art the possession of a certain class and age or is it universal and eternal?"

One would think that Geltzer, Kondaourova, and Abramova dance as well in 1925 as they did in 1916, that if anything the scenery they use for their ballet performances is richer. Nevertheless the same people, plain bourgeois people who enjoyed the ballet a decade ago, feel that it is unreal today. The Russian ballet, except in a few of its productions, is so perfect a reflection of imperial Russia and so accurate an echo of court life that it looks like a remnant of the Middle Ages.

It took but a few years for Chekhov, Pushkin, and other "great writers" to become classics, if we would speak charitably, and to have outlived their usefulness, if we are to be more realistic. Consider Chekhov's "Cherry Orchard" or his "Three Sisters," or Pushkin's "Evgeni Onegin." They portray a society which is dead and deal with problems which do not exist in Russia today. With the tremendous revolution in sex relations which has occurred since 1917 much of the fiction of preceding generations, which so often deals with love, must necessarily transport itself to the scrap-heap. It is as outmoded as would be the work of astronomers who believed the earth flat.

In Germany during the inflation period Dostoevsky was much in vogue. He still is. Not in Russia, however. It is not that he is under an official ban; students of the Moscow universities are required to read him as part of their course. But the quintessence of Dostoevsky is foreign, antagonistic, and repulsive to the spirit of the revolution. All Russians, and even non-Russians who have any soul-contact with the revolution, are aware of this, for not to understand so fundamental a fact is to misunderstand everything in the revolution that is not statistics and decrees. Cynics, philosophic doubters, and the Prince "Idiot" type do not make a revolution. A large part of the pre-war Russian intelligentsia—Dostoevsky was its idol—paralyzed itself by indecision and endless and meticulous balancing of the scales of theory. It lost itself in the never-ending maze of its own speculations and devitalized itself by its own argumentation. If it ever mustered enough courage to make a move it permitted the advantages thus gained to slip from its hands. At best it dissipated its nervous energy in isolated acts of futile terrorism. But the present revolutionary era is the day of the strong and clear-willed. The revolution, before its precipitation and after, demanded quick action. A Raskolnikov would have been swamped by the merciless succession of events.

Most of the characters of Dostoevsky, genius and great psycho-pathologist that he was, answer no popular demand. Let Karamazov debate through whole chapters on the existence of a god. The Russian of the revolution knows that there must not be a god. Theism, to him, is part of the system of capitalism, and he has learned to look upon capitalism as a beast rotten and decaying. Therefore Upton Sinclair, who voices this view of the present state of society, is a best-seller. To Chekhov's portrayals of dainty, manicured ladies and tight-waisted gentlemen they prefer Jack London, full of fresh air, rich movement, coursing life. Yet they can dream with Wells and with him build castles in the ether, for they, like him, have seen the faint vision of a new world. Gogol's "Revizor" and his other satires on the society that was, also Gorki, who lived and worked among the masses in the "Lower Depths," appeal to the mind which now rejects Turgenev and Andreev. What could be more natural?

Of course the spirit of the new times deeply stirred the Russian theater. But since the essential function of the theater is to interpret and give form to a content which need not be and often is not written for it, the effect of the revolution on the Russian theater has, generally speaking, been confined to a search for original externalities and for new modes of expression. On the stage of the Kamerny, Tairov experiments with cubism and constructivism; the Theater Revolutzii tries new perspectives and dull color tones; Granovsky in the Yiddish Theater makes his actors move on a horizontal plane as usual and up and down a vertical plane too; he moreover tries by means of recitations in chorus and movements in concert to create an illusion of the Jewish Ghetto and Pale; the little Semperante ventures into the field of impromptu acting and of shadow casting; the revolution gives the most limitless freedom to all sorts of theatrical empiricists and faddists. We come finally to Meyerchold, the outstanding talent of the revolutionary theater. In one performance of his, machine wheels and windmills keep time with the emotional tempo of the persons of the play; he takes Ostrovsky's "Woods," which pictures the life of the middle nineteenth century, and passes it through a proletarian atmosphere—the result is a burlesque. He willingly and gladly makes his theater, which, incidentally, is one of the best-paying theaters in Moscow, a soap box for the propagandist. Meyerchold is feeling his way. Occasionally, as in his recent "Bubus," he fails completely, sometimes he is realistic even unto vulgarity, but always what he puts on the boards is strong and young.

Is Meyerchold producing proletarian culture? No. At best he avoids what is non-proletarian. Are Upton Sinclair and Jack London proletarian writers? No. At best they are non-bourgeois.

There is no such thing as proletarian culture, says Trotzky. There will be no proletarian culture and there cannot be, is his further contention. "Indeed there is no reason to regret this," he writes. "The proletariat assumed power in order to have done forever with class culture and to blaze the way for a culture of all of humanity." Trotzky divides history thus:

"Prehistorical 'history' of primeval man; ancient history with its slavery; the Middle Ages with their serfdom; capitalism with its exploitation of voluntary wage-earners; and, finally, the socialistic society with its painless—let us hope—transition to the governmentless commune." The dictatorship of the proletariat, we read further, is not this last ideal form of social organization, but the "revolutionary-military way of achieving it." During this revolutionary-military period "there is more destruction than new construction." The fight for life, the struggle against the omnipresent enemy, the effort to vouchsafe to all at least a modicum of material well-being completely absorb national

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energy, leaving little free for the creation—not of new culture—but of a new culture. Russia is at present passing through just this in-between era. It will end with the coming of the commune which, in turn, will be brought about by the world revolution. How long shall we have to wait? Twenty—thirty—fifty years, is Trotzky's estimate.

In the meanwhile Russia is culturally active. The professed aim is a democracy of culture rather than an aristocracy of intellect. More books are being read now than ever before in Russia, read by the man in the street and by the peasant behind the plow. Literacy and education are being brought to the dark millions; Soviet Russia is honeycombed with tens of thousands of workingman and village clubs which are lecture hall, library, social center, meeting-place in one. The number of communal kitchens and communal laundries, as well as of child nurseries, which free the woman from the home and help make her economically independent, is increasing. The Soviet Government is a gigantic internal propaganda organ. Hordes of agitators buzz along the countryside and distribute their information and literature—for aeroplanes, for child welfare, for chemical preparation, for the planting of corn, for the use of tractors, for the International Rote Hilfe, against illiteracy, against swearing and drinking, against slovenly farming.

Simultaneously hundreds of imagist, impressionist, centrifugalist, futurist, constructivist, and so-called "proletarian" poets and "proletarian" and peasant prose writers are putting their wares on an absorbent market. Most of them are young and groping; some, Demyan Bedni, Mayakovsky, Pilniak, Saifulina, Yessenin, for instance, have won their spurs. Many of them are popular in the literal sense of the word: they are read by the populace, by the cab-driver, the lowly mujik, the coal miner, and car conductor.

The minds of what we are wont to call the "common people" have been working hard since the revolution. There is an insatiable thirst for knowledge accompanied by a higher standard of living. The demand of the peasants for the resuscitation of the Soviets is one sign of cultural progress. Seventy thousand village correspondents (selkors) and as many factory correspondents (rabkors) who write as unpaid and enthusiastic "free lances" for the bolshevik press are another such sign. I asked an old woman in a village what difference the revolution had made. "We talk more," she replied. Talk, indeed. But it is not gossip. They are discussing serious political and economic problems. They are stimulated by a wave of mental activity which is sweeping all Russia.

# The Tale of Lenin and the Czar

By L. SAIFULINA

*Translated by* JESSICA SMITH

IT was a large ooyezd,* far from the capitals and great cities. Entire foreign countries might have been contained within its boundaries. It was full of gold mines, distilleries, and tallow works. There were great stretches of rich black earth, and over the meadowlands wandered herds of sheep and goats with that soft fine down from which the famous Orenburg shawls are made. The population was rich and various, and came from many regions, with many different habits and customs. Farther away, along the river Samarka and deeper in the steppe country, were the little villages of thte Mordvians, the Bashkirs, and the nomadic Kirghese. People of different races, with different ways of life, and different faiths—Pravoslavnies, Old Believers, Mohammedans, Sabbatarians, Evangelists, and many other creeds, concealing their faith from the government in this far-away place.

Here there were rich peasants with thousands of dessiatins of land, and landless peasants, too poor even to build an isba for themselves. And hidden away in the most distant spots in the darkly ignorant Cossack stanitzas and Russian villages there were the petty intelligentsia—doctors, teachers, agricultural experts, librarians—oppressed by the backwardness and darkness of the villages. Now and then they received papers from Orenburg bringing news of the life of the rest of Russia. But the papers were received within a reasonable period only at those Cossack stanitzas which were on the main road, or at the gold mines, or at the ooyezd town itself. In the raw depths of the ooyezd, papers and news were quite lost. The villages of this ooyezd were hundreds and more versts away from the main town and from the single-track railroad line to Orenburg.

In our village there were peasants who confused Kerensky with Rodzianko. And the women and young folks were not in the least interested in such games. But in the turbulent winter of 1918 both the low-built town and the far depths of the ooyezd were powerfully agitated by the bolshevist alarm. And with this alarm came the name "Lenin." It came, and not one of the inhabitants of the ooyezd, diverse in blood and possessions and thoughts as they were, remained indifferent to this name. In the rich Cossack stanitzas, in the villages where the landed Old Believers reigned supreme, among the rich sectarians—among all of these the tales of Lenin were nourished with that hatred which only a great and strong enemy can inspire, a hatred which is more like an ecstasy of admiration. They seldom accused him of selfish motives. They created legends about him as about some being from a mystical, supernatural world. I have heard Old Believers and Sectarians ecstatically chanting passages from the Bible, invoking for Lenin the number of the beast, 666, the number of the Anti-Christ. His name emerged from the village darkness, where the names of all others were choked in abysmal ignorance. Only his name blossomed, and blossomed miraculously. Among the rich peasants it was spoken with respect and hatred; among the poor with unalterable faith and reverence. Of all the stories I heard there is one which I remember more accurately and vividly than the rest.

I heard it in a hutor on the road to town. The mujik Nikita Minushev was journeying 140 versts to the city for news, in that stormy winter of 1918, and he had taken me along with him. A cold wind and a fine stinging snow caused us even before dusk to turn into a post station in an

* A geographical division roughly corresponding to a county.

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isba belonging to an acquaintance of Minushev. Sprawled over a rickety wooden bed and on benches before a samovar green with age, were already many travelers turned aside from the road. Until darkness they watched one another with their furtive mujiks' eyes. They exchanged the usual opinions about the price of bread, the lack of goods, and they spoke very, very cautiously about the new conditions in the country. But at one o'clock the light began to grow dim from the steam issuing from the unclean clothes of the peasants and from the breathing of those gathered together in the little isba, and to cast flickering shadows on the beams under the ceiling, and then the peasant women began to talk. The spare, gray-faced woman, with her glittering black eyes, and ashy-gray hair straggling out from underneath her platok, told the sleepless ones a story about Lenin, and how he divided the people with the Czar:

Once upon a time there came to the Czar Mikolashka the most important of his generals. "Oho, your majesty," he said, "you must know that in a certain kingdom in a certain land there has appeared a man well versed in all the sciences. His rank is not known, he carries no passport, and he goes by the name of Lenin. And this man threatens your majesty and boasts that he will come to you, Czar Mikolay, and that with one word he will take all your soldiers unto himself, and that all your generals and officials and noble officers and even yourself, Czar Mikolay, will be turned into dust and blown away with the wind, such is the word he has!"

And at that the Czar Mikolashka was frightened. He stamped his feet and wrung his hands, and he cried out in a loud voice: "Write immediately to this man whose rank is not known, who carries no passport, and who goes by the name of Lenin. Tell him not to come against me with his word, not to shatter me and my officials and my high-born officers into dust, and for that I will give to this man half of my kingdom!" Then there came running to the Czar many learned people with their quills and paper; they sharpened their pens, and wrote to this man Lenin: "So, Lenin, do not come against the Czar Mikolay with your word, but take unto yourself half of the kingdom of Mikolay, without any fighting, without any abuse!" And very soon came the answer from that man whose rank was unknown, who carried no passport, and who went by the name of Lenin. And thus wrote Lenin to the Czar Mikolashka: "So, even as it has been written, I agree to receive from you, Czar Mikolashka, half of your kingdom. Only I will write for you the agreement as to how it shall be divided. Not by provinces, not by ooyezds, not by volosts. But this is the way, just as I prescribe it, this is the only kind of a division to which I will agree; and so that there need be no further discussion on the matter, I will set it down for you. Take to yourself, Czar Mikolashka, all the white-bones: your generals, your officials, your high-born officers with all their distinction, with all their rank, their crosses, their gorgeous epaulets, with their noble wives and with their white-boned children. Take your gentlemen landowners with all their riches, with their clothes of silk and velvet, with their gold and silver dishes, with their wives and their offspring. Take unto yourself your merchants with their goods and countless treasures, and take all the wealth from the banks. Take to yourself all the factories with their equipment and their machines and all their riches. But give to me all the black-bones—the mujiks, the soldiers, the factory workers, in all their common overalls. Only leave me the cattle for breeding, the meadows of grass, the mother-earth for plowing."

When the Czar Mikolashka read this letter he kicked his heels together for joy, clapped his hands merrily, and ordered his generals and officers and officials thus: "Write at once to this Lenin that we entirely agree to everything. And for all that he's such a wise man and knows a secret word, look how foolish he is! For he leaves to me all my countless treasures, all the merchants' goods, all the landlords' property, and he takes for himself only the black-bones, who are of no use whatever. And we shall easily find other black-bones to guard my treasures, and we shall make soldiers out of them, and so we shall live again in peace and prosperity." And then there ran again to the Czar, as fast as they could, panting, many learned people. They sharpened their pens, and they wrote that the Czar was agreed. And they didn't even jeer at Lenin, lest he should think better of the bargain, and come against them after all with his secret word.

And so in good time, very quietly and softly, Lenin gathered together all his soldiers and mujiks and workers. The Czar had already taken his white-bones and gone far away. And as the mujiks and the soldiers and the workers gazed about them, there came up to them a very simple peasant, and said to them "Comrades, good-day!" And then as far as your eye could see he shook hands with everyone, and said in a loud voice: "You and I will all be equal one with another, just as we are now, comrades. Only follow my instructions. I am learned in all the sciences, and my comrades will not be the worse for it." And the soldiers answered him in their soldiers' way "Right, Comrade Lenin, we are ready!" And the factory workers, the literate city folk, with their usual politeness, did not contradict him either. But the mujiks were offended because they thought there had been some mistake in the reckoning, and they began to growl, to glare at him, to push forward: "And why have you given up all the countless treasures?" they demanded. "If you had divided them among us we might have been able to improve our condition." But Lenin just smiled and wagged his head, and said these words in answer: "Don't get excited, don't reproach me, just gather your cattle together and go about your business, and then everything will be quite clear. I did not take the treasure for you because there are many thousands of you, but of the white-bones there are only a few hundreds. As for wiping all the white-bones entirely from the earth, for that I know a word, but it is still not complete—I have still not reached the bottom of it. But for all the black-bones of the earth I have a word which is sure. And so I say to the Czar: "Nowhere will the white-bones find for themselves either soldiers or workers. All will come under my hands and refuse to serve you; and as they are not producers, your white-bones, but only spenders, so it will come to pass that they will not live long under the bright light of the sun."

And in good time it happened so. There came men galloping on horseback to Lenin, bringing him news from Mikolashka the Czar. And thus wrote Mikolashka: "Oho, Lenin, you have duped me. You have taken unto yourself all the black-bones, and you have given to me not producers but only spenders. All my generals and my highborn officers stand like horses without their soldiers. They only drink and eat and grow fatter and fatter all the time. The gentlemen-landowners have gone through all their stores. They have already used up all the fine clothes from their trunks without thinking, and torn up and dirtied everything. My merchants are ruined, for without the mujiks they have no customers for their goods. My factory owners have worn out and spoiled all their machines. For with all their learning they have no practical knowledge—they cannot even adjust a screw. And I cannot get the black-bones to work for me. They all rush to you, at your secret word. And our affairs have come to such a pass that there is nothing to do but lie down and die. And so now all my

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generals will go against you in order to win back for me the black-bones."

And so it came to pass that there was a war between the white-bones and the black. But the white-bones could not hold out very long, as the generals and the high-born officers were only used to yelling commands at their soldiers, and moving about their warriors here and there as they pleased, and not at all used to fighting wars themselves, so delicate were their veins. And so it came to pass even as was said by the man whose rank was unknown, who carried no passport, and who went by the name of Lenin—that the white-bones did not stay in the bright light of the sun for long, and they soon turned to dust and were blown away with the wind.

The lamp went out. The mujiks snored. A woman murmured a question, but the spare old peasant sitting on the floor in her sheepskin coat went on chanting, as if in a prayer, the droll and touching words of her tale. This is the first peasant legend about the man by the name of Lenin in an ooyezd very poor in legends, where many bright names have sunk into oblivion.

# T. S. Eliot

By EDWIN MUIR

PROBABLY no writer of our time has said more things about the art of literature which are at once new and incontrovertible than Mr. T. S. Eliot has said. He has written very little. His criticism is contained in "The Sacred Wood," a small book, and in "Homage to John Dryden," a still smaller one. With every subject he has attempted he has only made a beginning, said a few pregnant or subversive words, and stopped. His criticisms of Dante, Blake, Swinburne, and Dryden have the appearance of footnotes. The series of essays in "The Sacred Wood" on the problems of criticism end with a remarkable economy of generalization. Even in essays which are more full, in those on Ben Jonson and Marvell, Mr. Eliot seems to be filling in the few strokes needed to complete a portrait rather than drawing an original one himself.

This impression of incompleteness is largely misleading. It is only when one tries to discover what essential aspect of Jonson's talent has been left untreated in Mr. Eliot's essay that one realizes how nearly complete it is. His prose is deceptive because in it he exercises continuously the faculty, rare in our time, of always saying more than he appears to say. In his essays he seems most of the time to be concerned with minor points, but he is in reality concerned always with essential ones. His critical method consists in pressing a small lever and thereby lifting an unsuspectedly heavy weight. His essays are full of observations which do not appear important, but turn out to be those on which a really just generalization would be based. Accordingly his criticisms continuously grow in interest: they are among the few written in our time to which one can go back and find something which one perusal, or two, did not yield. In one way Mr. Eliot is the most complete critic of our time. What he does choose to say he says most unassailably. He rarely sets down an opinion without being conscious of all that has already been said in favor of or against it, and his final pronunciation is not only something new, of the same solidity, the same order, as what has been said already; it is at once a summing up and a revaluation. No one writing today has a stronger sense of tradition. He has written profoundly of it in his essay on Tradition and Individual Talent, saying not merely that we are judged by tradition but that we also modify it; that by adding one new work of art to those which constitute tradition we do something which is enough to change, however slightly, its character; and that thus tradition is a thing which is forever being worked out anew and recreated by the free activity of the artist.

Admirable and profound words—yet why is it that in spite of them Mr. Eliot always appears to us to underestimate the free character of tradition, the fact that in its living perpetuation it gives the artist his proper liberty and is not so much a thing to be submitted to or imposed as to be discovered and welcomed? The influence of tradition on Mr. Eliot's criticism is not to make it uniformly bold and comprehensive but more generally to make it too cautious. He often draws back where a genuinely classical writer, a writer in the full stream of tradition, knowing the dangers, seeing the raised eyebrows of all the past and hearing the warnings of the present, would have gone on. Mr. Eliot feels answerable to tradition for every judgment he makes; but this accepted responsibility, while it gives his criticism weight, sometimes makes it rashly timid. Thus, if his enthusiasms are never wild, his understatements sometimes are. One is struck by the sheer oddity when he describes Goethe's "Faust" as "a very able and brilliant poem," and when, admitting that a few "many-sided" men must "probably" be conceded to history, he adds: "Perhaps Leonardo da Vinci is such." It is as easy to lose one's sense of proportion through excessive caution as to lose it through excessive rashness. In these instances Mr. Eliot's caution becomes mechanical, and functions where it is not needed and has no meaning.

But if his criticism is sometimes weighed down by his sense of tradition, it is also enriched and enlightened by it. His great gift as a critic is that of seizing the artistic source and justification of a convention, the necessity in a poem of elements which may appear artificial, the real virtue of a school, the essential law of a work of art. He makes every work live while he considers it, for he sees its articulations, the necessity for them, and their living functioning. Thus, though at times he may appear to be concerned with craftsmanship alone he is in reality concerned with the organic structure, trying to discover whether it is a living body or merely an agglomeration of dead parts. He does not show a writer's "qualities," therefore, but the principles of his art. The reward of this difficult and concentrated way of approach is that in Mr. Eliot's criticism the work of art, stripped of all incidentals, shines with its own essential light, and that in an immediate way the artistic problem is brought before us. In penetration, knowledge, intuitive apprehension of the inner laws of a poem Mr. Eliot deserves to be ranked with the chief English critics.

His criticism has had a considerable influence on younger writers; his poetry has had perhaps even a greater

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influence. But his influence as poet has not been in the same direction as his influence as critic. The author of "The Sacred Wood" and Sweeney Erect is obviously a writer of contrasts. Certainly the poet in Mr. Eliot sets out to obey the critic. The idea, for example, that since the Elizabethan era poetry has been losing its complexity, richness, contrast, surprise, subtlety—a favorite idea of Mr. Eliot's, and a very fruitful one—is as clearly to be seen in his poetry as in his criticism. His poetry does attempt to restore some of the psychological richness of Elizabethan poetry, to be more full and diverse, to attain a new and more vigorous beauty. But in aiming at one thing it in reality achieves another. It has not the fulness and suppleness, the mixture of extreme refinement and natural coarseness of Elizabethan poetry. These elements are present, it is true. "The Waste Land" has extreme refinement and extreme coarseness; but they are not harmoniously and variously combined, producing a diversity of rich effects; they are set down side by side, in contrast, not in combination. Mr. Eliot's poetry is in reality very narrow, and in spite of its great refinement of sensibility, very simple. In the main it is a statement of two opposed experiences: the experiences of beauty and ugliness, of art and reality, of literature and life. To Mr. Eliot in his poetry these are simple groups of reality; their attributes remain constant; they never pass into one another; and there is no intermediate world of life connecting and modifying them. The plan of the early Sweeney Among the Nightingales is the same as that of "The Waste Land." The raw fact and the remembered vision, the banal and the rare, the crude and the exquisite, reality and art, are set down side by side.

> The circles of the stormy moon
> Slide westward toward the River Plate,
> Death and the Raven drift above
> And Sweeney guards the horned gate.
>
> Gloomy Orion and the Dog
> Are veiled; and hushed the shrunken seas;
> The person in the Spanish cape
> Tries to sit on Sweeney's knees.

That is the simple contrast which one finds again and again in Mr. Eliot's poetry; and all the poet's admirable subtlety of mind is directed not to varying the contrast but to making it as violent as possible. This he effects in two ways: by releasing the contrast suddenly at the moment when it will produce the maximum shock, and by refining the passages of formal beauty and psychological obscenity until their juxtaposition has an element of horror. The former device is unworthy a serious poet; the latter has yielded Mr. Eliot many exquisite lines and a few passages expressing a curious mood, not of despair, nor of mere depression, but of something which seems to combine both and to pass beyond them:

> A rat crept softly through the vegetation
> Dragging its slimy belly on the bank
> While I was fishing in the dull canal
> On a winter evening round behind the gashouse
> Musing upon the king my brother's wreck
> And on the king my father's death before him.

It is in passages such as this that Mr. Eliot has attained nearest to beauty in his portrayal of actual experience; for in his passages of pure beauty the inspiration is almost always literature. This passage has the same quality as the earlier:

> The sable presbyters approach
> The avenue of penitence;
> The young are red and pustular
> Clutching piaculative pence.

It is the artistic realization of what Mr. Eliot failed to express, and betrayed, when he wrote

> The red-eyed scavengers are creeping
> From Kentish Town and Golder's Green.

It is, in short, the expression of a mood in which a hatred of squalor disguises a certain pleasure in squalor. This mood is not uncommon, as most people would have to admit if they had Mr. Eliot's courage; and could it be grasped with all its implications—as Baudelaire grasped similar moods—it would no doubt be found to be profoundly significant. But Mr. Eliot does not grasp its implications. His presentation of it is at once bold and timid—it is inconclusive, and, one feels, deliberately so. The mood is not pulled out into the light frankly and cleanly as one of Mr. Eliot's Elizabethans, for instance, would have pulled it out. And it is for this reason that his poetry is sometimes displeasing, as all things fragmentary and unrealized are. It is not displeasing because the poet expresses his anguish so fully that we cannot endure it, but because he does not express it fully enough. For when the sense of the pain of life is fully expressed, with nothing kept back, with no self-protecting veil between the poet and his suffering, it brings release. And release Mr. Eliot's poetry rarely attains. It is not false or shallow, but it is inconclusive: it lacks immediacy and importance. It expresses an attitude to life, not a principle of life. The difference between

> Non val cosa nessuna
> I moti tuoi, nè di sospiri è degna
> La terra. Amora e noia
> La vita, altro mai nulla; e fango è il mondo,

to quote a poet who had even more than Mr. Eliot's gloom, and

> Then how should I begin
> To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?

is a difference fundamentally in seriousness. As a poet Mr. Eliot lacks seriousness. He is bitter, melancholy, despairing, but he is not serious. There are moments when seriousness is given him. It is his in the two beautiful and terrible stanzas which conclude Sweeney Among the Nightingales:

> The host with someone indistinct
> Converses at the door apart,
> The nightingales are singing near
> The Convent of the Sacred Heart,
>
> And sang within the bloody wood
> When Agamemnon cried aloud,
> And let their liquid droppings fall
> To stain the stiff dishonoured shroud.

But when that seriousness is absent what is left? Not, indeed, a pose, but an attitude which will seem in another few years as obsolete as Byron's or Musset's seems to us now. It is, curiously enough, an attitude very like theirs. Disdain for life, loneliness of soul, the sardonic gesture, the mysterious sorrow—all these are in Mr. Eliot's poetry. They are also in Mr. Huxley's novels, they have been called the spirit of the age, and it is impossible to take them seriously.

But although Mr. Eliot's work has not the fulness and seriousness of great poetry and does not reflect the spirit

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of the age so much as a fashion, it is something beautifully finished and quite unique. In it an anguished vision of the world is expressed in light verse. In all of Mr. Eliot's finest poems, in the various poems about Sweeney, Burbank with a Baedeker, Whispers of Immortality, The Love Song of Prufrock, the mood and the treatment are deliberately too trivial for the theme. That is Mr. Eliot's method, and it is one which can admirably render a deep loathing for life; but little else. Grief appears somehow both intensified and belittled when it is expressed in the most artificial terms the poet can find; disgust assumes the importance of a conviction steadily held when pains are taken to discover the most polished formula for it.

> But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,
> Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought in upon a platter,
> I am no prophet—and here's no great matter;
> I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,
> And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker,
> And, in short, I was afraid.

There everything is underlined, every word is written for effect, and we are intended to know it. In its hint of theatricality this poetry is like Heine's, but the theatricality is not ironical as Heine's was. Heine could only have spoken of the eternal Footman with his tongue in his cheek; Mr. Eliot does so with perfect seriousness. His theatricality is always meant: he may often appear, but he very rarely is, ironical. His utterance is a sort of elegant bombast used sincerely; and the real distinction of his "sable presbyters," his Princess Volupine, his Grishkins, is that they are not what they look—that is, creatures of a melodramatic fancy—but seriously intended symbols to body forth a genuine vision of life. Very few poets have used symbolism of a similar kind for a similar purpose, and to have done so establishes Mr. Eliot's originality. At the same time it is clear that in these symbols a great variety of meanings could not be expressed. And although his symbolism makes Mr. Eliot's poetry arresting, piquant, unique, it makes him fatal to imitators and definitely a poet of inferior range. The instrument of expression he has forged would not serve for a great poet, and could not be used by an unskilful one. What value it could have for our time it is hard, therefore, to see. But the value of Mr. Eliot's criticism, on the other hand, is palpably important, and will probably become more so.

# The Hired Man

By REXFORD GUY TUGWELL

## I. The Passing Phase

THERE is a labor problem in the country. The farm laborer used to be called the hired man and is still in some parts; but the hired man of other years is a passing character; the hired girl, or "maid" as the city knows her, is disappearing too; and they are going for something like the same reasons: the feeling of being under direction at all times, the long hours, the heavy work, the want of a social group to adhere to, and in general a sense of oppression and lack of freedom.

Certain demands of the human organization must be complied with if the pitiable psychic results of maladjustment are to be escaped. The impulse to boss is quite as strong in the average man as the desire to be bossed; at best we are something like mechanisms designed for a hunting, wandering, nomadic life, and we will escape at the first opportunity from regularity, monotony, and sustained and directed effort.

The human mind revolts from factory labor with all the accumulated strength of millions of years of evolved adjustment to an entirely different life. The outdoors calls to men and their minds and bodies respond automatically and powerfully; the suppression of this group of tendencies helps to account for some manifestations of urban unrest. But the hired man when he left the farm could not foresee unhappiness. It looked like an easy life to him in the city. He had been able to exercise his nomadic impulses more or less on a two-hundred-acre farm, but there was a chance to escape the other unpleasant features of farm life and to find the humanly necessary relationships of a social group—all by going to the city. Important, too, in influencing the hired girl and the hired man to change was the feeling of social inferiority that goes with living as well as working on the job; one of the few aspects of factory work mitigating its hard circumstances is the chance the workman has at home to be among equals.

There is another cause for the scarcity of hired men: provided a man has the minimum physical and psychic qualities necessary to farming success, it is easy for him to become a farmer on his own. There is no reason why a good man should work long for another in the country. Farm papers forever enlarge on the hardships of farm life, among them the obstructions to ownership; but these difficulties are not very real, not, at least, to be compared with the restrictions on like opportunities in the city. On the whole it is astonishingly easy to rise from hired man to owner; nothing can keep a man down but his own limitations; it is so easy, in fact, that most of the hired men who did not go off to the city have themselves become farmers.

## II. The Hired Man of Romance

Riley drew him; he was a kindly sort; an all-around helper and very nearly a part of the family. In blue jeans and a hickory shirt, he took the children rides on the hay wagon and knew about doodle bugs and such. Even I can well remember him, but in New York State, not Indiana; just lacking usually the qualities of complete independence, yet not needing close direction in the day's work; resenting it, in fact. He rose at dawn and did chores, worked all day in the fields, and did chores again at night till dark. He demanded few of the good things of life; uncouth, awkward, a great chewer of tobacco, a great believer in the traditional method, old age took him by surprise. And his end was the county poor farm like as not, an end not unpleasant except for the social stigma.

Robert Frost knows him in New England, shows him coming home to the farm place to die after going off a-wandering. Hear him saying: "Home is a place you somehow haven't to deserve"; and feeling this place where

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he'd worked and given service owed him the home relationship all men crave. Seen at this distance, the man of labor in the fields and barns he did not own seems to me to deserve a nation's gratitude. He acquired but little else and not many thanks in his time; and he helped greatly at a pioneer task. It must be remembered that he worked side by side with the farmers who cut off the forests and field by field reduced a good part of the continent and almost the whole of many States to tillable condition. A person who has never worked in the hardwoods through the winter and spring; in the snow and cold and the slush and mud of March; and never tried to break a stumpy field to the plow scarcely can have an adequate conception of the task. We who buy our farms now are apt to look across the smooth, cleared acres without a thought of their primitive condition or any surge of sympathy for the sweat and pain of hard living it cost to make farmland of it all.

It was a job that called out the last resources in men, a job to try men to the utmost, soul and body. There were poor roads and therefore few and poor markets; this meant that the farm had largely to be a self-supporting unit. There were isolation, hard labor, long hours, and rewards far in the future. Later, of course, the rewards began to come; but all through a century of this sort of thing there was the hired man, working by the farmer's side, carrying half the burden and looking forward to nothing. The reward, if it ever came, was not coming to him; and he never has had any reward.

In time there came a change in the relationship between the farmer and the hired man; as pioneer conditions passed and roads were built the farm ceased to be so distinct a social unit in itself; neighborhoods now formed the social group; and neighborhoods have in our own time been infinitely widened by the automobile. Wider markets and somewhat greater farm prosperity have followed. And the hired man finally got to be less a member of the family and more a servant as enlarged neighborhoods enabled farmer to associate with farmer and created an employed and an employing class; and as prosperity increased it became more and more apparent that there existed a real difference in economic status. This difference had been kept in the background all through the pioneer period because most men lived alike and had open to them about the same pleasures. The hired man had been as good as the family; he was so no longer. Therefore, in the period beginning roughly with the beginning of this century the hired man had to be of a somewhat lower mental type, without any great spirit of independence, any marked abilities, or even any great skill and knowledge of his own.

Hired men began to be scarce; and such as there were proved altogether unsatisfactory. The labor problem had arrived on the farm.

### III. The Changing Job

The industrial revolution on the farm really began just after the Civil War; and even now it is nothing like so complete as the revolution in the processes of the production of factory-made goods. Horseless farms are still in the future and there is still hard manual labor on the farm rather than the machine-tending activities of the factory. But machine tending becomes more and more important, mechanical cleverness gradually overbalancing in usefulness physical strength and endurance. Now a different man is required. A good mechanic can be a highly successful farmer in rather a short time.

The new farmer has only to use the telephone to confer with a highly trained, community-paid expert in the farm bureau office at the county seat. There he can be advised what, how, and when to plant, the best methods of cultivation, and the complete technique of caring for the crop. How to combat disease, a matter of growing importance, he can learn from this expert too. And he no longer has to save and care for his own seed; it is done much better commercially, and the farm bureau is willing to see that it is really better done.

All this means that the farmer of the future to be successful must be a man willing to drop the traditional method and depend on expert advice even though it runs contrary to long-founded notions. He must be the sort who is willing to recognize that a man who spends his life studying, say, the blossom-end rot of the tomato probably knows more about the disease than a general farmer can know, even though his life is lived in laboratories and not on the farm. All of us whose ancestors were farmers know that this is just the sort of men they were not.

More and more as time goes on mechanical processes become important at every stage of cultivation. The tractor plows and fits the land, cultivates, threshes, and cuts the ensilage. The motor and gas-engine milk, saw wood, and pump water. Spraying for disease control is a power process; and so it goes. The farmer of the future may be a slighter and a softer man, but he must be a clever tinkerer. And his hired man will be a mechanic who can keep the tractor running.

The city has pulled farm labor away and the job has changed so that the old kind of man is no longer wanted. He must be a better man—or a poorer one. No great, uncouth, kindly, silent men are needed. But at harvest time there come out of the cities a swarm of casuals. This is something new.

### IV. Casualty

He is not called a hired man any more; and really he is not, in the old sense, at all. He comes for the days of the harvest, and goes. Sometimes we know his name; oftener the women and children go in fear of him because of his crooked look and the slouching bravado of his carriage, and we know him as "Bill" or "Jim" or "the tall one," "the lame one," and so on.

It will be nearly harvest time when they begin to drop off the way freights and make their way along the country roads, stopping at this farm and that, picking up rumors of a crop ripe here or there, working a few days and moving on. At the very time I had this article in preparation a particularly bad case of this sort of casualty came to my attention. He was a man about thirty-eight, thin, emaciated, and with the rotting teeth, dull eyes, and scabbed lips of his type. His physical condition made it impossible that he should be able to deliver a good day's work for his wages. He came along a road where I was playing with a small daughter and something in the pathetic look he threw at her riotous health and youth hurt so that I stopped him. He had arrived in the country too early and had not found work; characteristically he had not started out until he had been driven from New York by hunger; he had been on the road two and a half days and had walked over a route I estimated at sixty-odd miles; he had eaten nothing but a little green fruit and his feet were a mass of sores. He tore at a piece of bread with his teeth as a dog tears at flesh.

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In my county thousands no different come for the fruit picking, plums, peaches, grapes, apples. The work begins in August and lasts intermittently until the winter apples are harvested late in October. But in the wheat country and in other specialized sections it is much the same, except that fruit picking is pleasanter labor than almost any labor known to man; and that grain harvesting is just the reverse.

Here, if we have a sizable farm we have a separate house, empty the rest of the year, where the pickers camp. We hire a cook and furnish them with beds; and we are glad when their work is done and they are gone. They are unclean, and we want them to have no contacts with our family life; they smirch and subtly contaminate whatever they touch. Persons who talk and write about the romance in the life of the casual ought occasionally to be reminded of the kind of human material they are and of the conditions of their lives. Most of us who have dealings with them know neither whence they come nor whither they go; but some of us have seen a city lodging house in winter. I need not go into that: the crowding and promiscuity, the underfeeding, the uncared-for sickness, the perversions, the distortions of manhood. Nevertheless, this outcast of the cities such as the specimen I have described, emaciated, worn out with lack of nourishment and unthinkable vices, is one of the types of our hired men of today.

The other type may fairly be described as a casual, too, although he forms a somewhat different problem. Not all retired farmers have been successful before they retired; a great many have been forced out because they lacked the personal qualities of success. They drift into the villages and depend for a poor livelihood upon a day's work here and there on near-by farms. The number of their kind is swelled by the failures in the easy competition of village life. This is the country proletariat. The village drunkard is a time-honored type; we can now see that he was a drunkard because he was a failure in life and his numbers have not been lessened by prohibition. This man's characteristics are not greatly different from those of the drifters who come down out of the cities for the harvest save in one respect. He has a family and usually a large one.

Conditions of life are easier for him here than they would be in the city; there is little rent, there is less costly fuel; and there is cheaper food, for his wife has a garden. Natural bent and adversity have soured him; he is often physically unwell and lacking in the precautions of personal sanitation that would build up vigor. This is the precise mental and physical type of drifting casual distinguishable on construction jobs in the Northwest woods and mixed in with lately arrived foreigners doing the lowly labor of the nation everywhere.

He is a familiar country figure and far more numerous and significant than is usually believed. He feels that society owes him a great deal and he does not scruple to take what he can acquire in not too dangerous ways. Every country person knows his sort and knows that there are more and more like him as farms require greater efficiency for success. There are none of the qualities of toughness, persistence, and shrewdness in him that make even unintelligence partially successful. We have not noticed him because he is not coherent, remains ungrouped, and so has little stimulation to revolt. But we shall be hearing more of this particular country casual in the future.

# What Little Mary Learned About History

By JIMMIE CRISWELL

### Benjamin Franklin

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN had a great many brothers and sisters, so he had to walk around Boston with a loaf of bread under each arm, where he also bought a whistle. When he grew up he used to fly a kite with a key to it, and he got a lot of electricity out of the clouds and put it in Leyden jars, which was a good thing, because now we can use it for a great many things. He is especially famous for his sayings, which he used to publish in an almanach, until the *Saturday Evening Post* was started, and then he put them in that. He was a great help to America in its early days and did a lot for the country.

### Napoleon Bonaparte

Napoleon Bonaparte was the greatest general in the world. He fought a great many battles with everybody else, and he always won them. Once he went to Russia, but the Czar of Russia, who was called Peter the Great, set fire to the town and the French had to retreat, and lots of them died because they got lost in the snow on the steps. After this he won a lot more wars, until it was time for the battle of Waterloo, at which a lot of Napoleon's soldiers fell into a sunken road, and so the Duke of Wellington won the battle and the Germans could capture Paris, and Napoleon had to go and live at St. Helena, which he did not like very much. He married the Empress Josephine, and also Maria Theresa, and their son was made king of Rome.

### Lord Nelson

Lord Nelson was the Admiral of the British Navy and won a victory, which was a good thing for England. He had only one arm, and something had put his eye out, so he used to look at things through a telescope with it and say he didn't see it. His wife was a beautiful lady named Mrs. Hamilton, and they painted lots of pictures of her. He beat the Spanish Armada at Trafalgar, only he was killed while so doing, so all the sailors had to wear black handkerchiefs. He was hit very badly by a cannon-ball, which killed him, which was a pity. His last words were: "Kiss me, Harriet," and then he told them not to give up the ship, and so they didn't, and England won the war.

### Martin Luther

Martin Luther is famous because he was a Lutheran and everybody else was a Catholic. He thought this was very wicked, and so he nailed Theseus onto the front door of the church. But the Pope sent a bull after him and chased him away, and so he started the Reformation, which is commonly known as the Hundred Years' War, because it lasted a very long time and did a great deal of damage. After this, the Pope was not allowed to leave the Vatican any more.

### Captain John Smith

Captain John Smith was a very brave man and discovered Virginia, only Indians captured him, who would have destroyed his life, but a beautiful Indian maiden named Pocahontas saved his life and all the Indians smoked a pipe of peace, and so Virginia was made an English colony, which was a good thing, because Sir Walter Raleigh could

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raise tobacco there, and they made a great deal of money. Afterward they were married, and we don't hear much more about him.

FREDERICK THE GREAT

Frederick the Great was the king of Germany. He was a very good king, although he was a German. He fought a great many wars with Maria Theresa about silesia, which was a good thing for Germany, because they always won and got more silesia. He wouldn't let anybody in the army unless they were over six feet tall, and so the army was very powerful and won all the wars. Frederick the Great was very fond of dogs and lived in Potsdam. Only there was a wind-mill in the way, which he ordered them to tear down, only they wouldn't because they had a right to have it there, so Frederick said he would uphold the law and leave it be.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Queen Elizabeth was a very great queen, and she was queen of England during the Spanish Armada. She was an intimate friend of Sir Walter Raleigh, who laid his cloak on the ground for her and thus kept her clean. Although she never got married, she was called the Virgin Queen, and was very popular. After the Armada was over, she cut off the head of her sister, who was called Bloody Mary Queen of Scots, because she wanted to be queen instead of her. She lived a long time and when she died she was beloved by everybody.

# In the Driftway

THE Drifter has been to Atlantic City. He has eaten in blatant hotels, larger than towns, gaudy and rich and unreal. He has seen bathing suits made of crossword-puzzle designs with the puzzle all worked out. He has seen babies two years old dancing the Charleston on Young's Million Dollar Pier at 11:30 in the evening. He has seen a public dance floor, of vast acreage, filled with couples whirling, racing, jiggling, heaving, side-kicking, with a speed and competence unmatched in any polite hotel ballroom. He has ventured out at night and seen thousands of grown men and women being trundled in go-carts along the endless Boardwalk, and other thousands walking—walking nowhere in particular, with a blaze of gaudy shops and shows and restaurants on one side and on the other a dark ocean rolling in unnoticed, insignificant, almost invisible.

* * * * *

THE Drifter has stopped at a stand where a cheese concern offers foaming glasses of buttermilk and sandwiches toasted on electric griddles with rich yellow cheese bubbling between the crisp slices. He has stopped at a stand maintained by a well-known orange distributing company and sipped juice squeezed with visible honesty from glowing samples of California's best. He has yielded to the carnivorous delights of steak sandwiches, rare, tender, and juicy, and made up in rolls like some super-hotdog. He has looked into shop-windows where the latest obscenity in Kewpie dolls hangs side by side with jade from China and bowls from the North Carolina hills. He has seen window displays of vast overhanging knickerbockers which make plus-four a conservative estimate, and bathing suits that might be called minus-eights. He has seen whole shop-fronts given over to pictures and maps showing the rich delights of Coral Gables, or Palm Beach West, with young men in dazzling white flannels lounging in wicker chairs in front, prepared to sell you the whole coast of Florida for a consideration.

* * * * *

AND in broad daylight, with the Boardwalk subdued by the sun, he has seen brown arms, strong legs, bright sunshades, gray sand—and, beyond and between, the ocean itself tumbling in, dousing the just and unjust alike. He has seen children, at peace with sand and sea, at home and oblivious in the midst of the crowds and jazz, the noise and the general air of insanity; he has watched them playing in the waves, digging sturdily toward China, and has envied them their cool unconcern. THE DRIFTER

# Correspondence

## Dayton

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your interesting editorial of July 8 on Tennessee *vs.* Truth you say: "We can hardly question the right of any people to decide how and what the youth in its schools shall be taught." On this important point, incidental as it may seem to the generally excellent doctrine of your article, may I venture to ask if we ought not daily, and especially when a legislature or our Congress is in session, watchfully to question the right of the people or its representatives to pass any law or make any decision which is not essentially *right?* If, for instance, the Tennessee Legislature, as you well say, has been extremely foolish, why not question its right to enact folly into statute law and thus proceed to drive truthful teachers from its schools?

I assume that you do not suppose that democracy consists in a mechanical system of counting the noses of opposite factions in order to secure a show of public law and order. If democracy is worth having at all, it must be based upon a certain spiritual or humane respect for the fellow-men who constitute any political unit. Neither is it properly a continual contest between dissatisfied and angry parties, but rather a reasonable approach and a means of development toward a friendly system of cheerful cooperation in pursuing common interests. In other words, it fails to constitute a tolerable government, so far as any party in it, however large, is disposed to treat another party or group in an unfair or unneighborly manner.

Does not this cardinal principle need to be made clear to a generation who are still largely living upon the mischievous tradition of the arbitrary governments of the past, that its majority, once established in power, possesses a species of mystic "right," like a king, or an aristocracy, or a pope, to enforce its will upon its minorities, or to make the laws for a despised helotry? On the contrary, the entire history of the rise of democracy is a series of protests, ineffectual at first, but slowly winning their way, against the notion that "might can make right"; that is, that any group of "great" men, or any number of ordinary men, are good or wise enough to compel their opinions upon others, few or many, who are unpersuaded and unwilling to conform to their urgency.

There is not a nation in Christendom that is not today getting its fill of the unrighteousness that a false democracy perpetrates. The fact is that mankind has not as yet learned to practice its democracy any better than its religion, the two functions being indeed far nearer to fundamental identity than is commonly supposed.

We wonder whether meddlesomeness is not the special vice, as well as the favorite pastime, of a half-baked democracy. Meddlesome people are inclined, under the popular sway of "the holiness of the majority," to impose all sorts of rules of

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conduct upon their neighbors. We are furnished, accordingly, at immense cost with the melancholy ancient symbolism of the rule of threatening and fear—jails and penalties and spies and handcuffs and armed police, and worst of all, the inhuman bitterness and contempt which traditionally attend the presence of a "criminal class."

This is not to say that there should be no laws. I wish rather to urge that the real need is spiritual. It is the need of genuine sympathy, and the patience that belongs with sympathy, and ever so much more outlay of education and persuasion, without which our "pains and penalties" and threatened punishments leave a nation uncivilized and reduce democracy and religion to hypocritical forms.

*Southwest Harbor, Maine, July 8* CHARLES F. DOLE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If the State has not the right to say what children in schools supported by the State should not be taught, why not?

As a Pennsylvanian it is my right to believe the government of the commonwealth and of the United States should be overthrown by force, but should I teach such doctrine, openly and at my own expense, I would land in jail, and the Supreme Court would sustain my conviction. The right of the legislature of a State to enact that no public-school teacher should teach the pupils in school that the moon is made of green cheese, or that the earth is flat and rests on the shoulders of Atlas. I am a member of no church, profess no religious creed, and believe the Tennessee law more asinine than a bunch of monkeys assembled as a legislative body would have enacted, but being for law enforcement, even to the extent of jailing a man who mashes a bunch of grapes, adds sugar to the mash, and permits God or nature (whichever best pleases the ear) to create an alcoholic content of the mess equal to one and one-half of one per cent by volume, I naturally am for strict enforcement of the anti-monkey law.

*Huntingdon, Penn., July 6* WM. WALLACE CHISOLM

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: H. L. Mencken's article, In Tennessee, has aroused my ire. I think it was his crack at plumbers that started me off, as I am a steamfitter, but I shall attempt to back up prejudice with reason.

Now, of course, Mr. Mencken, being "a specialist in human liberty," is entitled to look down on pedagogues and mechanics; but what he overlooks is the fact that a good workman takes a great pride in his work, and when his boss tells him to teach a system of biology or put in a piping system which he knows is wrong that workman is liable to speak out his mind without being "filled with subversive ideas by specialists in human liberty."

*Ossining, New York, July 9* ARTHUR QUINN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Krutch's article on the cowardice of the Tennessee University folk is most timely. Just add, however, another straw. In South Carolina, where Cole Blease of hideous memory still performs as the leader of the State and threatens a state proscription of evolutionists as well as a federal enactment against science, the State University, in fear and trembling at its recent commencement gave every graduate a Bible with his diploma! This was in the nature of a fetishistic propitiation of the powers that be and Blease. The professors are tongue-tied and terrified before this sacrifice to Moloch.

*Germantown, Pennsylvania, July 17* GALILEO

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the study of Dayton, in your issue of July 8, the writer observes: "The good people of Dayton, at least those one sees about the streets and in the stores, understand that no decent evolutionist claims man is descended from a monkey."

As a reader who has been familiar with Darwin's two great works for many years past, may I quote two passages from Chapter 6 of Part 1 of "The Descent of Man"?

> In forming a judgment on this head with reference to man, we must glance at the classification of the Simiadae. This family is divided by almost all naturalists into the Catarhine group, or Old World monkeys, all of which are characterized (as their name expresses) by the peculiar structure of their nostrils, and by having four premolars in each jaw; and into the Platyrhine group, or New World monkeys (including two very distinct sub-groups), all of which are characterized by differently constructed nostrils, and by having six premolars in each jaw. Some other small differences might be mentioned. Now, man unquestionably belongs in his dentition, in the structure of his nostrils, and some other respects, to the Catarhine or Old World division. . . .
>
> The Catarhine and Platyrhine monkeys agree in a multitude of characters, as is shown by their unquestionably belonging to one and the same order. The many characters [*sic*] which they possess in common can hardly have been independently acquired by so many distinct species; so that these characters must have been inherited. But a naturalist would undoubtedly have ranked as an ape or a monkey an ancient form which possessed many characters common to the Catarhine and Platyrhine monkeys, other characters in an intermediate condition, and some few, perhaps, distinct from those now found in either group. And as man from a genealogical point of view belongs to the Catarhine or Old World stock, we must conclude, however much the conclusion may revolt our pride, that our early progenitors would have been properly thus designated. But we must not fall into the error of supposing that the early progenitor of the whole Simian stock, including man, was identical with, or even closely resembled, any existing ape or monkey.

There is a very good library in the city of Mount Vernon. The other day I asked one of the librarians whether there was much call for Darwin's works, since the Dayton controversy became celebrated. "Not for Darwin's *works*," she replied, "but they ask for lots of books *about* Darwin."

*Mount Vernon, New York, July 9* DREW BOND

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of Mr. Krutch's timely article on the pervasive cowardice of public men in Tennessee, is there not abundant material, never more evident than right now, for a similar article on the absence of intellectual and moral integrity among our well-known men of science? Whoever has read Andrew Dickson White's masterly volumes on "The History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom" recalls how the ruthless recital of the facts showed the uniform absence of moral or intellectual integrity on the part of ecclesiastics as a whole: first denouncing the scientific view as false to the facts and destructive of religion, then with the inevitable advance of science attempting to read the new truth into the old formulas, and finally, in some cases, denying they had ever opposed the scientific view! This ecclesiastical attitude is perfectly understandable—nothing else was to be expected. But what are we to think of the integrity of scientific men today who, in the face of a challenge which demands honesty above all things, are denying the existence of any necessary antagonism between the practically universal teaching of our churches and the plain logic of science?

*San Francisco, July 16* W. T. BROWN

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Toward the elucidation of the Tennessee muddle I should like to contribute the view of a jurist of forty years' standing. It will be found that the issue is not by any means between evolution and inspiration but concerning our unique methods of legislation.

The idea prevails that "We the people" are competent to enact any restriction that at the moment may be regarded as

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proper. If we are competent to determine by law what a man may eat or drink, what he shall take for the support of his physical body, we must be equally competent to determine by law what he shall take for the support of his mental or spiritual body. There is no escape from this deduction. In the science of law both assumptions are *ultra vires*. They constitute tyranny and not law.

In countries where there is no written constitution, what is *ultra vires* is regarded as unconstitutional. But we have adopted a narrower interpretation of that term. What is ultimately needed as the outcome of the present dispute is a recasting of our conception of what is constitutional, an appreciation that there can be no amendment of a constitution which is not an enlargement of liberty; curtailment being dangerously near tyranny, if not actually so.

*San Francisco, July 16* EDWARD MARSHALL

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Are the fundamentalists and Mr. Bryan given full credit for the reasonableness of their position by President Hibben and others in the present controversy? It seems to me that they are not.

The laws of evolution postulate a struggle for existence with the survival of the fittest, a logical sequence in which there is no conflict with reason. But the minute God is introduced and purpose is attributed to evolution we find that the law of the destruction of the weak becomes in reality the law of the destruction of those created weak on purpose to be destroyed. Can the law as now stated be reconciled with modern Christian conceptions?

It appears to me that it is not the fundamentalists who are bungling in their logic.

*Dark Harbor, Maine, June 20* JAMES F. PORTER

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The shameless exhibited disclosure of the American spirit of intolerance in the Dayton episode is simply the logical sequence of the Prohibition Amendment and the Volstead Act. In the face of this plain fact a little honest reflection on the part of *The Nation* would be good for its soul. The spirit of the KKK is abroad; the almost fanatical intolerance of America is loosed. It stirs the imagination to think of the possibilities in the light of what we are witnessing.

*Brooklyn, July 18* WM. TAYLOR

## The Kathleen Mavourneen Treaties

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you give me space in which to answer a letter of Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick, in your issue of June 3, in which he criticized certain statements made in my article which you published on May 6? I said that the instructions to the American delegates to the Geneva opium conference had been made public. Mr. Fosdick says "the American instructions were never made public."

In May, 1923, Mr. Porter first went to Geneva to a meeting of the Opium Commission, and laid before it the American suggestions as to the first steps to be taken to end the opium traffic, i.e., that opium production should be limited to the medical needs of the world and that all other use should be considered an abuse and not legitimate. Later on, the Council and the Assembly of the League of Nations accepted these suggestions in principle and the League called an international conference to see how the opium traffic could be curbed.

The sixty-eighth Congress appropriated money to send an American delegation to Geneva, passing a resolution known as H. J. Res. 195 (February 21, 1924). Part of this reads as follows: "Whereas as the result of the conferences in January, May, and September, 1923, between the representatives of the United States and the governments represented by the League of Nations, the latter governments agreed that the United States construction of the Hague Opium Convention . . . represented the objects which the treaty was intended to accomplish, and that any other construction would render the treaty ineffective and of no practical value . . . it was decided: (1) If the purpose of the Hague Convention is to be achieved according to its spirit and true intent, it must be recognized that the use of opium products for other than medical and scientific purposes is an abuse and not legitimate. (2) In order to prevent the abuse of these products it is necessary to exercise control of the production of raw opium in such a manner that there will be no surplus available for non-medical and non-scientific purposes." This is the bedrock and foundation of the American attitude toward the opium trade. The resolution then continues, and after appropriating money for American participation, ends with these words: "Provided, That the representatives of the United States shall sign no agreement which does not fulfil the conditions necessary for the suppression of the habit-forming narcotic traffic as set forth in the preamble."

These are "instructions" if you like, and they were made public months in advance. They had also received the approval of both the Council and the Assembly, and the Geneva conference was convened with the American attitude already well known. Our delegation hoped to cooperate with the other nations and to bring forth a real improvement on the vague Hague Convention of 1912, and not be fobbed off with a Kathleen Mavourneen treaty, "it may be for years or it may be forever," before something is done to stop the abuse of opium.

But, that there might be no mistake as to the American attitude, Mr. Porter had prepared two books, which set forth in minute detail the American point of view. "The Traffic in Habit-Forming Drugs," is a collection of documents, papers, congressional resolutions, and letters from cabinet officials and other prominent men, all covering a period of years, from the Shanghai conference onward, and including H. J. Res. 195. This was printed in both French and English, and shows how American opinion has been inflexibly anti-opium from the earliest days of our interest in the subject. The second book, "International Control of the Traffic in Habit-Forming Drugs," sets forth in triple columns, for easy comparison, the old Hague Convention, the suggestions as to revision of the Hague Convention offered by the Opium Advisory Committee, while the third column contains the United States suggestions as to revision. These two books were sent to every delegate to the conference, and the surplus copies were snapped up by others. The second, on international control, was afterwards printed in French and issued by the League as Document O. D. C. 34. Together, they were variously known as the American attitude, or position, or point of view, or instructions, or what you will. Therefore, I feel that Mr. Fosdick is mistaken when he says the American instructions were never made public.

May I suggest that any one interested in the happenings at Geneva should read Dr. Willoughby's book on the two conferences,* particularly the chapter, Final Conclusions. On page 459 we find that the British Government had instructed its delegates to refuse all discussion of certain specified matters, one being "any resolution specifically affecting the domestic regulation of the production and use of opium and cognate questions of internal administration in India or any other portion of the British Dominions." This protected production, smoking, and eating, and was directly opposed to the American contention that opium should be limited to medical use only. Hence the deadlock, ending in the American withdrawal, since we could sign no agreement which countenanced a continuance of this abuse.

*Stone Ridge, New York, July 9* ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

* "Opium as an International Problem. The Geneva Conferences." By W. W. Willoughby, professor of Political Science, Johns Hopkins University. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1925.

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# Books and Music

## The Sign

By AMADO NERVO

*Translated from the Spanish by* J. M. BEJARANO

Talk not to all about things sublime and essential.
Do not tender flowers to the pigs.
Descend to the level of him to whom you speak, so as not to humble or distress him.
Be frivolous too when you are with the frivolous; but once in a while, as if unsought or even as if thoughtlessly, drop into their cup, on the foam of frivolity, a very small petal from the rose of your dreams.
If it is not noticed, recover it cautiously, and, always smiling, go away. It means that their hour has not yet come.
If, however, someone picks up the frail, small petal, as if askance, and caresses it and inhales its fragrance, give him forthwith and carefully a sign of discreet intelligence.
Then take him aside and let him behold one or a few of the marvelous flowers of your garden; tell him of the invisible divinity that surrounds us all; and give him the magic word, the Open Sesame of true freedom.

## First Glance

MYSTICAL poets have differed very little among themselves with respect to the images which they have employed to render their visions intelligible, or at least imaginable. And this is not strange in view of the fact that no proper images are available. There is no known literary device by which a truly ecstatic state may be communicated. But the poets who have made the attempt have agreed with remarkable unanimity, even with a sort of monotony, upon an approximately adequate image—the image of light. Time to them is a vale of shadows, a cave of reflected glory, a copy of death; while eternity is a "white radiance," a sun, a field of stars, a child's unshaded soul. Ideal things have usually been conceived as brilliant things. And poets have succeeded in saying so in proportion to the art which they have applied to the problem of expression. On a large scale Dante and Milton proceeded by indirection—beginning their ambitious narratives in a hell of darkness so that in the end an indescribable radiance might with some measure of power be implied if not revealed. On the lesser scale, among the minor mystics, a more direct path has been taken, and in some cases a more intense conviction has been caught. One passionate phrase or one ingenious figure or one divine cadence has been sufficient.

Among the minor mystical poets "Æ" cannot be said to be one of the most passionate or ingenious or divinely lucky. Immensely important in literary Ireland today, he is a man whom one respects. As philosopher, leader, and friend he is reported to come as near perfection as a human being comfortably can. As poet, however, he has seldom been more than pure and unaffected—and those qualities are not enough. In his earlier volumes he outlined a mood rather than pierced to the center of a vision; and now his "Voices of the Stones" (Macmillan: $1.25) only continues that outline with faint if delicate tracery. But a single stanza has the shock of originality:

The cold limbs of the air
  Brush by me on the hill,
Climb to the utmost crag,
  Leap out, then all is still.

But a single poem has both the clarity and the finality which indicate that the necessary effort toward newness was made:

Lone and forgotten
  Through a long sleeping,
In the heart of age
  A child woke sleeping.

No invisible mother
  Was nigh him there
Laughing and nodding
  From earth to air.

No elfin comrades
  Came at his call,
And the earth and the air
  Were blank as a wall.

The darkness thickened
  Upon him creeping,
In the heart of age
  A child lay weeping.

The rest is simple statement, in none too varying terms, of the poet's faith in a far and shining perfection which any mind must recognize.

Through most of his "Hesperides" (Macmillan: $1.75) Ridgely Torrence is also a mystical poet, but one without the courage of his fancy. Having hung his golden apples in the Western Isles, he gathers them again and brings them home; having entertained a vision of some perfection outside himself, he decides that it is within him after all. Therein he may be more subtle and right than "Æ" in his child's innocence can ever be; but he is not so interesting. Milton's reference to "A paradise within thee, happier far" is effective as an afterthought to an epic of Eden and the Empyrean; as the theme of that epic it would have been deadly. Mr. Torrence, skilfully and beautifully as he writes, cannot escape the consequences of a somewhat didactic theme. In the end his world is neither here nor there; neither stone nor star. MARK VAN DOREN

## Saga and History

*The Mistress of Husaby.* By Sigrid Undset. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

*The Tree of the Folkungs.* By Werner von Heidenstam. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

THE ghost world of history may be conjured from the shades of the past in forms of legendary poetry or in a documentary realism which makes dead women and spent battles appear like aspects of contemporary life. In any case the process is sure to be a trick. Not one of us can turn back the wheels of our brains and think as our ancestors thought, mix our blood with the blood they shed in violence or persecution, or indeed enter into their bodies and walk the straight or twisted roads of their various dispensations. Whatever we may pretend of sympathetic imagination or knowledge or hieroglyphics we realize that they must enter into our bodies,

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speak with our voices, and think with our brains. We can change our environment, but never our inheritance. The dead always buries its own.

The best historical novelists, therefore, make little effort to give back the past as a grotesque incantation of obscure dialect, mock literary rhythms, and a great smothering bog of historical detail. The men and women in "War and Peace" talk and act as if they were contemporary to ourselves: that is, as they appeared to each other to talk and act. The heroine of Undset's "The Mistress of Husaby" does not, like Scott's heroines, serve as a fine quilt of nicely sewn chivalrous moralities, and the Norsemen in von Heidenstam's "Tree of the Folkungs" do not shout old Norse war songs freely translated and sounding like the roar of costume actors. Kristin Lavrans is living now just as much as she was living as Erlend's lover in "The Bridal Wreath" and Erlend's wife in "The Mistress of Husaby." She is not a medieval poetic allegory like so many word-blown myths in historical novels, and she shows very well that women are very much of a piece except for the accidents of space and time. The fact of her living in the fourteenth century in Norway does not make her talk and act as if she knew that she is a heroine in a novel any more than the Romans who lived during the fall of Rome had any idea that Rome was falling or that Gibbon would write about their lives or that history is full of lessons and tendencies. Indeed the truth of "The Mistress of Husaby" is almost oppressive in its slow passage of days spent as all of us do spend our days, whether we are put into a novel or whether we are contemporary and therefore dull. "The Mistress of Husaby" is not a brazen clamor of battles and sudden elopements, of sword thrusts and poetic justices. After their love affair in "The Bridal Wreath" Kristin and Erlend are married. Kristin has seven children, one a year, and keeps house. Erlend plays politics and helps keep house. The times are vexed with dynastic and foreign turmoil, but, as in our lives, the wars do not spin like a moving picture. House must still be kept, the children taught manners, and clothes mended. Erlend does not leap from turret to turret, his sword on the one hand, his lady fair on the other. He is a husband and Kristin is a wife. They act as they must act from their character and not from dramatic inventions.

It is so true that often it is rather dull with the acknowledged dulness of life. Kristin spends much of her time agonizing about her love affair with Erlend before their marriage. Herein she acts and feels as no doubt she did act and feel according to the savage morality of a frontier civilization which regards any marriage as sacred, a maid lost if she knows the beauty of passion, and man justified only if he accepts legal vows as the pledge of love. Sigrid Undset appears to identify herself completely with her characters, and Erlend is given entirely from his own point of view and not alone from his wife's. Certainly Sigrid Undset cannot herself accept all this bother about "sin," which is the chief agent of the difficulties between Erlend and Kristin. Yet she makes her men and women appear to move so wholly within themselves and their own times that thereby she gives the most binding illusion of contemporary life. These people are the pawns of their time as we are the pawns of ours; and that is the only method whereby genius can make of the past anything except a tinny blare of poetic phrases, milk-white heroines, and leaping jousting knights at arms.

In "The Tree of the Folkungs" you do not get so much the illusion of contemporary history as the exquisite enthralment of a saga. "The Mistress of Husaby" is daily life and "The Tree of the Folkungs" (though the content is often just as historical) is a poem even as Homer is certainly not daily life. The eleventh and thirteenth centuries in Sweden appear like the effortless beauty of a dream rather than as the slow dredging of life. The characters are symbols and allegories rather than men and women, and all the confused wars about dynasty and plunder and political ambition take on the shining contours of a vision beheld in a deep mirror. Kristin and Erlend (with a slight change of speech and costume) might very well and probably do live next door to your own house. Folke Filbyter and Magnus and Valdemar are splendid embodiments like the warriors in Homer or the gods of the Norse. "The Mistress of Husaby" and "The Tree of the Folkungs" interpret the Middle Ages with a difference that is an absolute distinction in art. It is your own choice whether you prefer history to saga or can believe both as they are here so finely wrought. "The Mistress of Husaby" is the inevitable sequel of "The Bridal Wreath," and readers of von Heidenstam's "The Charles Men" will find in "The Tree of the Folkungs" a truth no less profound and a poetry no less beautiful.

DONALD DOUGLAS

# Mr. White's Wilson

*Woodrow Wilson: The Man, His Times, and His Task.* By William Allen White. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

MR. WHITE has been so prominent in the American Progressive movement that high expectations are aroused when he writes the life of one who, with the possible exception of Mr. Roosevelt, was the foremost national leader of our time. Unfortunately, serious obstacles have prevented him from answering two of the most important questions which the reader asks about Wilson.

First, what was Wilson really like as a man? The greatest biographies grow out of the intimate personal acquaintance of the writer with his subject. We are told from day to day what he did and said, what he thought of men and affairs and the universe. Mr. White knew Wilson only through a few brief interviews. Other biographers, though lacking personal acquaintance, have been able to picture the mental and emotional development of the man in his letters. Mr. White, while he has evidently had access to some of these, was not authorized to reprint them. They are evidently to be reserved for the life by Ray Stannard Baker. These two great gaps, caused by want of personal knowledge and of correspondence, are imperfectly filled by the valuable information which the author has painstakingly gathered from Wilson's friends and associates.

The second question has to do with the development of Wilson's political ideas. Together with Disraeli, Wilson is one of the few men who set forth their political views in their writings before they engaged in active politics. Like Disraeli, Wilson's performance differed very widely from his program. When and why did he change? Mr. White's own political experience might have enabled him to picture the growth of Wilson's political views, but he fails to do so. He dismisses his books as mostly college texts. This is not an adequate description of "Congressional Government," which is a picture of a political system in action that takes its place beside Bryce's "American Commonwealth" and the "English Constitution" of Wilson's favorite, Bagehot. A fascinating study might be made of the contrast between the views of the Presidency set forth in this book and Wilson's conduct in office. Somewhere in his letters and conversation and state papers, the material must exist which would enable us to trace the change.

Much more could have been done to fix Wilson's place in the Progressive movement, with which the biographer was actively familiar. Mr. White's statement that Wilson was at first unfriendly or indifferent to the movement probably has some basis in fact, but it still rests too much on conjecture. How do we know, for instance, that Wilson was "quite oblivious of the tumult in the East and the turmoil in the hinterland"? There must be notes of his lectures at Wesleyan and Princeton which would give concrete information on the matter. Mr. White's best contribution to this question is his emphasis on the Princeton controversy as turning Wilson's attention to the undue influence of great wealth upon matters of national im-

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portance, and his narrative of Wilson's relation to the Democratic machine when he became candidate for Governor of New Jersey. At this point the biographer's knowledge of practical politics enables him to say much of distinct value.

Although the subtitle holds forth promise of an account of Wilson's "times," little is said about this; much less than was to be expected from a close neighbor of Populism and Mr. Bryan. The best contribution is a single phrase, the chapter-heading on the 1916 election: "Our First National Liberal Victory." Unfortunately, as in most discussions of Wilson, the war overshadows in this book his achievements for American liberalism. The fifteen months between his first inauguration and August 1, 1914, deserve a much more intensive study than they have ever received. For a record of progressive legislation his first term may compare with Gladstone's first administration. Even after the war begins domestic questions ought to receive attention from a biographer—for instance, the controversial Adamson law. And adequate study would treat failures in liberalism as well as successes. Why, for instance, did a man whose whole training should have led him to value brains in politics consent to the haphazard selection of ambassadors? Was this owing solely to Bryan? How far did Wilson's dependence on the Democratic machine in the South force him to abandon his liberal program?

Such a friendly man as Mr. White is frequently shocked by Wilson's inability to make and keep friends. It must be said that the universal denunciation of him on this point loses some of its force when we remember the friends of his successor.

A material fact bearing on Wilson's character, a fact concerning which Mr. White gives us little information, is his health. Even while he was at Princeton it was rumored that he took two hours' rest in the middle of each day. May it not be that a limited physical vigor caused him to dismiss persons and topics abruptly, in much the same manner as a hospital nurse unceremoniously sends out a visitor when the patient shows signs of fatigue? Wilson may have disregarded customary courtesies because he felt forced to save his strength for matters for which he thought it imperatively needed. If he had possessed the inexhaustible vitality of Roosevelt he might have put forth just the little energy required here and there to prevent subsequent disasters. Anyone familiar with invalids will comprehend these sudden and irritable refusals to think or act further in a given direction. Mr. White hints at this explanation and shrewdly recognizes that Wilson's strength could have been much economized if he had not been unwilling to delegate important tasks to able subordinates—a fault wholly alien to the genial Kansan.

For all its merits of friendliness and insight, we lay down the book with the feeling that the story has not yet been told. This man was far more than "a shy, middle-aged gentleman." He cannot be explained by Mr. White's constant attempt to balance his Scotch maternal ancestry against his Irish forebears. Those of us who were aroused by Wilson in 1912 and 1916, as never before or since, are waiting impatiently to learn more of his mind and soul. We have waited through years of detraction; we have read, and heard praised without limit, all that was written against him by Walter H. Page, generously open to the contagion of English war-time fever, of whom it has been said that he was an excellent ambassador but that he was sometimes a little uncertain which country he represented; a man who, though an honor to America and a warm-hearted friend of Wilson, remained throughout wholly incapable of understanding the imperialism of all the warring nations, the temper of our West which did not want war, and the President's endeavors to build up a nation-wide desire for a permanent international settlement. Until we have Wilson's letters, the best answer to such attacks is found in his state papers, of which Mr. White makes too little use, and which even after the lapse of years revive in us the deep emotions of the day they were written. No biography can give us this man so well as the paragraph in the address of January 22, 1917, which begins: "They [the terms of a lasting peace] imply, first of all, that it must be a peace without victory." That the speaker of these sentences should have been content with the Treaty of Versailles is one more, and the greatest, problem in the life of Wilson for which we still await the answer.

ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.

## Englishmen Look at Their East

*Western Civilization and the Far East.* By Stephen King-Hall. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.

*The Occident and the Orient.* By Sir Valentine Chirol. University of Chicago Press. $2.

THESE two complementary volumes by Britishers—one dealing with China, Japan, and Siberia, while the other covers practically the rest of Asia as well as Egypt—survey Oriental history and politics up to the summer of 1924. Both have grown out of the vital need for the White Man to take cognizance of startling changes in what he has regarded as the "unchanging Orient."

Mr. King-Hall pictures, with a fine sense of humor and a rare talent for forceful understatement, the opera bouffe of the chronic wars fought in vast China since the 1911 revolution. Trade is hampered, yet it is constantly growing; while in 1911 the post office transmitted 116,000,000 articles, it handled 442,000,000 after the ten years of civil war. The author believes neither Chang Tso-lin, Wu Pei-fu, Sun Yat-sen, or, as one would say now, his party, the Kuo-min-t'ang, the "Christian" General Feng, nor any of the intellectual leaders strong enough to unify the country; but he holds that since China has produced strong administrators in the past she will do so again, and he hopes that the regeneration of China will not be a military one as was Japan's. The rise of the Nipponese he calls the wonder of the twentieth century, equal to the French Revolution in world importance.

The contrast between Sir Valentine Chirol, a veteran journalist who first "heard the East a-calling" fifty years ago, and Mr. King-Hall, who fought in the World War, is as fascinating as that in Tolstoi's "Two Generations." Sir Valentine harks back to Gladstone and uses sonorous Biblical allusions; the younger man hopes that "Eastern and Western gear wheels can be synchronized and clutched together without stripping of teeth." The older man thinks little of Lloyd George, the Labor Party, and the League of Nations, while he believes in the "grave responsibilities" of European powers in Asia; much the same thing the young man calls "each nation trying to filch some national advantage from prevailing confusion."

Though the age and attitude of the two writers differ so widely, yet their concrete suggestions are very similar. Westerners must recognize that the Orientals are awakened. They must understand that "self-determination," which ran its inevitable course in Europe in spite of the Holy Alliance, will affect the East. While there can be no question of mass immigration of Orientals, yet individual Asiatics ought to be treated without show of race prejudice. The feelings of the Eastern nations ought not to be needlessly wounded; it is folly to give the Japanese "hard words where they merely wished for soft soap."

ADOLF E. ZUCKER

## Roosevelt in a China Shop

*Roosevelt and the Russo-Japanese War.* By Tyler Dennett. Doubleday, Page and Company. $3.50.

THOSE who are of the Roosevelt cult will revel in this story of their hero's incursion into the field of international politics, as the hero himself reveled in the incursion. He sees Japan about to bait the Russian bear. The courage of the little fellow appeals to him; and besides, it will be just as well if the bear is checked up a bit. So he prepares to play the grand monarch's part at the jousting. He will watch; he will encourage; he will disapprove; he will even tip the scales slightly

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if it suits his royal whim. And then he will patch up the quarrel and announce the victor.

The game was full of the action Roosevelt craved. He saw Russia pressing eastward in Asia, and he felt it portended no good for American interests in that part of the world. He saw Japan, with England's backing, ready to stop the Russian advance. American interests were involved; and in foreign affairs he was America. No more was needed. He forthwith told Japan that we should be more than benevolently neutral toward her efforts. He told Germany and France that if they did not confine themselves strictly to their own affairs and let Japan alone, he would take America into the war at Japan's side.

Thus he arranged the war. Next he turned his attention to the peace. Russia might be needed to hold Japan in check if she became too obstreperous later on. China must be preserved in her integrity to serve as a market for American goods. Japan must not be too victorious, but she must be compensated for her admirable effort. The Russian tidbits like South Manchuria and Sakhalin were hardly commensurate. What could be done? Ah, yes! Korea! A rather unnecessary country anyway. And Japan wanted it. Why not let her have it? To be sure, we had a bit of an old treaty with Korea in which we had agreed to protect her if any other nation tried to injure her, but then that was only a treaty. Surely, let Japan have Korea if she wanted it and get Japan to agree in return for our acquiescence to let our Philippines alone. It was so ordered.

It was a magnificent revel, and Roosevelt with his usual luck—a luck which, it must be admitted, was three parts skill—came through it unscathed. America cheered the Japs and damned the Russians and was quite satisfied at the outcome of the struggle. They were not to know until Mr. Dennett got to searching around in the private papers of the late President how great a part they had played in bringing about the result. They were not to know until then how the great Teddy had played football with their Constitution; how, considering himself a Foreign Office, he had taken all the liberties with their lives and fortunes that Downing Street habitually takes with the lives and fortunes of the people of the British Empire. They thought Congress had the sole right to make war, but they would have discovered their mistake if Germany or France had refused to stay put. In fact, no absolute monarch ever played the international chess game with quite so free a hand as Roosevelt did.

Both those of the Roosevelt cult and those of the opposition then, should be grateful to Mr. Dennett for this thorough study and impartial presentation of the inner workings of American diplomacy under Theodore Roosevelt.

ORRIN KEITH

## Timid Bravery

*Things and Ideals: Essays in Functional Philosophy.* By M. C. Otto. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

IF Mr. Otto's convictions were not of a slightly sentimental color, "Things and Ideals" might be called a brave book; but with all its fluent and pleasant interest it has not this stirring character. It is a clear, brave saying that America is not God's country, as the world is not God's world; or in Mr. Otto's terms, that the hunger of the soul for cosmic support is not to be satisfied by any heavenly manna in the way of revelation or of eternal values. And it is sound, if somewhat obvious, reasoning that rejects any easy evasion of the fact that the good life is to be found here upon earth among men or else is simply not to be found. Mr. Otto agrees with Mr. Dewey—and with many less illustrious persons—not only that we are part of nature but also that nature is part of us; so that while the hope of supernatural aid in our undertakings is superstition, it is only good sense to believe that with natural means we can make over both ourselves and our ideals into something not so very different from what we might wish them to be. So it is, I take it, that iron and other materials can be made into railroads, and that railroads in turn can form such efficient and even desirable (i.e., impulse-satisfying) habits in human organisms as might well be called contrary to human nature. More than this. It is not unreasonable to suppose that our varying ideals might be adjusted to the production of a life offering the greatest possible satisfaction to human desires in general; for it needs no miracle to make men prefer this satisfying life to the bare acquisition of possessions.

Such is in general the contention of these twelve essays, and it is a contention which should at least be taken on its merits. But one does ask how it is possible for a philosopher to take so seriously and to criticize at such length the casual talk that passes in the current magazines for reasoned opinion or the thousand and one pronouncements of grave editorials or occasional speeches or entertaining letters. Such discussion has no doubt some symptomatic import; but it is strange to find it treated as if it were to be logically refuted. One does not argue with such accidental obsessions any more than one argues with a lover—unless, I suppose, one is a parent or a teacher. And this suggests an explanation. A college teacher is accustomed, when he is talking seriously, to talk to adolescents, and he is only too likely to write what is suitable to adolescent intelligence and to take such writing seriously himself. Any one, too, who can fall into the sentimental tone of some of the pages where Mr. Otto is discussing the "acquisition of soul" is close enough to the feelings and minds of faintly intellectual young Americans to speak their own loose language. Which may mean that he is close enough to easy-going intellects in general to be of use to a great many grown-up Americans—and others. Speaking pragmatically, then, these essays have their own philosophic truth, even when they go so far as to take a highly subjective view of science itself. But philosophers of other schools will be sure to find them wanting, if not in depth and scope, then perhaps in intellectual distinction or merely in appropriate brevity.

D. W. PRALL

## How Well Is Europe?

*Reconstruction.* By J. D. Whelpley. Funk and Wagnalls Company. $3.50.

"THERE is now no such thing as a devastated Europe," says the author of this volume, a recognized authority on world trade, in this study of economic conditions six years after the armistice. "Europe has not only recovered from all material damage done but has greatly improved her position over that of November, 1918, and even that of 1913. . . . Europe in 1925 is more populous, richer, more highly developed, and better able to carry on the activities of industry and commerce than it was in 1914, so far as material, plant, and labor supply are concerned." Then a dark stroke is added to the otherwise glowing picture: "It is humanity which is still devastated and not the region itself." Fear is the ruling emotion in the world today, while, as a corollary, power is the dominating force. "The state has a closer grip upon the actual affairs of its citizens and upon the citizen himself than it had in 1913, but this grip is not the result of greater sympathy and understanding between the state and the people" and the time is approaching "when the people of every country in the world will revolt against the tyranny of the state and its drain upon the vitality of the nation."

Mr. Whelpley dwells upon the vast mountain of public debt under which the Allied powers are struggling and thinks that, with the exception of Great Britain, the only escape is in abandoning the pretense of paying these great sums and in reducing the cost of government establishments. In spite of the physical recovery of Europe the trade of the world is less than in 1914, due to the lessened purchasing power of millions of people and to an increased industrial nationalism.

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American assistance is necessary for the recovery of Europe, Mr. Whelpley thinks. Thus he welcomes the Dawes Plan, but believes the financial demands upon Germany will have to be reduced. ARTHUR WARNER

## Books in Brief

*The Challenge of Asia.* By Stanley Rice. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.25.

This able essay is written by a man who, while a Britisher to the core, has removed himself to the Olympian heights and, after reading everything on every side of every question affecting the relations of East and West, proceeds to discuss those relations with a detachment and a lack of bias quite out of the ordinary. After a discourse which charms us with its style and its erudition—the author seems equally at home in the fields of politics, economics, sociology, military science, literature, religion, philosophy, art, and music—he arrives at the not startling conclusion that the challenge of Asia is political.

*"Gentlemen of the Jury."* By Francis L. Wellman. The Macmillan Company. $4.

The author of this book, a veteran of our bar, belongs to that happy group of men who see the world progress by codification and amendment. He describes the vagaries of the jury system, brings in instance after instance of oppression and injustice, and at the end suggests reforms—such as better ventilated jury rooms. His gods are of the field-weed variety; his eulogies go to men like the late Judge Bartow Weeks, who tried the Gitlow case; Judge Goff of the Becker trial, and William F. Howe, who in his day was the Ring Lardner of the Court of General Sessions. While he retells the story of bloody Judge Jeffreys, he mentions no parallel during our passing years. Yet there were instances during the recent political trials of judges who bullied counsel as well as the prisoners, and who stretched the power to punish for contempt. Mr. Wellman, who for thirty years has watched the wheels of justice turn, is weary of arguing the ways of their turning, knowing that long after he is done with pleading the juggernaut of the American system will keep on clumsily and mercilessly grinding. Like most reminiscences of a busy man who has arrived, the book suffers from overabundance of confidence, lack of profundity, and, above all, lack of editing. But it is entertaining.

*Principles of Economics.* By Raymond T. Bye. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

Here is a clear and careful elementary statement of strictly orthodox economic doctrine. For those who still feel that there is any educational value in classical economics, and who have freshman classes to teach, this book will perhaps be more useful than any other. It goes farther toward creating an illusion of reality than most of them, because its illustrations are more modern and because its diction is cast in that certain naive but dogmatic mold that, as teachers know, makes textbooks "go" with students. Anything that helps to mitigate the unreality of orthodox economics is a blessing to those who have to teach it. The present reviewer will not attempt to disguise the fact, however, that for the good of economic science he hopes that not a single copy will ever find its way into a freshman's hands. This is not because he feels that its writer has failed in what he proposed to do, nor, even, that he does not in a way sympathize with the purpose, but because it seems to him to represent that mode of approaching the study of industrial life which is best calculated to cut off at its very inception any thrill of discovery or any creative satisfaction that a student might otherwise possibly feel. It makes of economics a body of received dogma rather than an experimental science; and it assumes a pedagogical method which admittedly sets out to cram dogma down the students' throats in certain-sized chunks which are measured by the length of chapters, rather than the method that tempts them to intellectual adventure by successive challenges to their ingenuity. Mr. Bye says that he intends now to write a book of problems. It seems to the reviewer too bad that he felt it necessary first to write a book of "principles." He has a feeling that the problems will not be so freely nor so liberally discussed as they would have been if the principles had not come first; for somehow, now, the hostages have been given, the "system" has been presented. Everything hereafter will have to fit into it. And it seems only too likely that many of the vexing problems of contemporary economic life will refuse to find solutions that will fit the laws adumbrated here.

*Love.* By "Elizabeth." Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

The author of "The Enchanted April" appears to have forsaken that light vein for something a little closer to the accepted formula for successful fiction—something which breaks up conveniently into instalments, and may be read in that manner without great loss. She has thickened the plot and thinned the emotion; her latest novel is perhaps more filling, but it is certainly less nourishing.

*Soundings.* By A. Hamilton Gibbs. Little, Brown and Company. $2.

Mr. Gibbs has cast his novel unreservedly in the romantic mold; all base metals have been excluded. He has fused it with the fervor of his own belief; there is nothing half-hearted or halting about its glamor. One might argue that his characters and his situations are a trifle hand-picked, that they are too ineluctably right; but since they fit so perfectly in the romantic relationships which he has fashioned for them the objection is overruled. "Soundings" has gaiety and depth and glow, which is all that one ordinarily asks in a love story—and more than one ordinarily gets.

*The Mulberry Bush.* By Sylvia Lynd. Minton, Balch and Company. $2.50.

The acid test of a collection of sketches such as this is to read them consecutively. There are twenty-odd brief stories in this volume—each of them scarcely more than the evocation of a mood and a few strokes of characterization—and yet so skilfully has the mood been created, and so deft is the characterization, that they easily stand the test. Every line has significance; the effect is delicate but in no degree precious.

*Martha.* By Percy Marks. The Century Company. $2.

Tested ingredients have gone into the fashioning of this story. Mr. Marks is sure of his ground; he never ventures far from the blazed trail of sentiment. The history of a girl, half-Indian and half-English, is set forth with romantic trimmings—a guitar, a beautiful face, a trustful confidence betrayed—and ends upon a note of sadness, plaintive rather than ironic.

*Napoleon.* Von Emil Ludwig. Berlin: Ernst Rowohlt Verlag.

In his collection of portraits entitled "Genie und Charakter: Zwanzig männliche Bildnisse," Emil Ludwig announced himself as a biographical psychoanalyst of the school of Plutarch. The limits of those slender sketches held him to scant and insufficient formula. In the new volume, with seven hundred pages for one soul, he heaps up traits and tendencies till we have—not as with the Twenty—crude outline drawings, but detailed, dispersed, and puzzling Dürer line-engravings. Ludwig is not a historian. He gives no bibliography, and he has probably never gone back of the popular biographies. He often tells us as fact what scholars are by no means sure of. But his contribution is his inference as to character and genius. He cares nothing for Egypt or Waterloo, nothing even for Josephine or Sir Hudson Lowe, except as the record of what Napoleon did furnishes a clue as to what Napoleon was.

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# Music

## Landowska's Contribution

THE further we go with the twentieth century—and it has now attained a respectable age, an age when characteristics are asserting themselves unmistakably—the more clearly we see its sympathetic relation in music to the eighteenth. At first glance such a declaration may seem extravagant. Polytonality, atonality, multiple rhythms, the deliberate use of the quarter tone, even some of the orchestral instruments would have been as inconceivable to the eighteenth century as the radio. But for all that the essential moods and the creative impulses of the two periods are curiously alike. Stravinsky and Honegger show far more kinship to Bach than to Beethoven. Contemporary writers in the smaller forms, composers of music that is "amusing" in purpose rather than designed primarily to communicate emotion, suggest again and again Frenchmen, Italians, even certain Germans of the eighteenth century. Music today as then is oftener cerebral than it was under the imperious romanticism of the nineteenth century. It is minutely studious of form, even though the form seem strange or elusive; it is inexorable in matters of detail; its astonishing innovations leave no room for lax or fragmentary workmanship. Usually it suggests or evokes an emotion, or merely takes the emotion for granted; rarely does it seek to express feeling by actually embodying it in tone after the forthright and luxuriantly romantic manner of the nineteenth-century masters.

Our century could more easily give the world another Handel, a second Gluck (not forgetting Handel's historic sneer!), than a new Schubert, a new Schumann, a new Wagner. Indisputably, in music, the nineteenth century, though it has not yet ceased to dominate us, must face a discipline of semi-retirement, a time of proving and elimination; doubtless it will return purified and refreshed in the twenty-first century, when our music of today will, in its turn, suffer a partial eclipse. But the period through which we are passing already belongs increasingly to our own century and the eighteenth. Where thirty years ago were Handel, Gluck, Rameau, Couperin, the Scarlattis, the lesser Bachs, where even Johann Sebastian Bach, father of all, and the divine Mozart, compared with the conspicuous favor they enjoy today? It is the history of every continuing family repeating itself in the immaterial substance of an art. The parents must suffer the chagrin of seeing their carefully nurtured offspring turn with the years in an instinctive sympathy to the doting grandparents whom fondly the parents had believed at a safe distance away.

The elect apostle of the eighteenth-century music to twentieth-century America has been Wanda Landowska. This is said without undervaluing the similar labors of certain prominent orchestral conductors—notably Messrs. Stokowski, Monteux, Mengelberg, Walter, and Koussevitzky. First honors still must go to the Polish woman who has made the harpsichord live again, who plays Mozart on the piano "as if Beethoven had never been," whose voyages of discovery through uncharted seas of composition in the hundred years before the death of Haydn, and even earlier, have resulted in the recapture of a rich treasure of forgotten or neglected music, in the correction of erroneous ideas as to interpretation and performance, and in the writing of an authoritative book upon this period of incalculable importance and revivified interest.

Winter before last Mme Landowska had already revealed to us the possibilities of the harpsichord, not at all as a naive precursor of the piano, but as an instrument with a vivid independent life of its own. In the same season she proved her supremacy in certain fields of piano music. Her extraordinary musicianship and intellectual and emotional finesse, the chiseled perfection of her phrasing, her incomparable resourcefulness and taste in ornamentation, her unerring command of varied and delicate nuance, and a patrician disdain of anything suggesting excess in her playing had imparted to her interpretation of Mozart's music the quality of a veritable evocation. But it was not until this spring, when Willem Mengelberg twice conducted for the Philharmonic Society Bach's "Passion According to St. Matthew," that Mme Landowska, Bach, and the eighteenth century took complete possession of their joint heritage in this second quarter of the twentieth century.

One does not have to be far descended in the valley of years to remember perfectly when "additional accompaniments" to this and other choral works of Bach were a subject of acrimonious dispute. Folk wrangled about the fitness of many a page of Bach as "worked out" by, let us say, Robert Franz. They divided over the admissibility of an anachronistic instrument like the clarinet; they argued pro and con the claims of transposition where Bach's brass parts run perilously high for modern instruments. But nobody, save perhaps an antiquarian or two, thought of summoning to action the harpsichord, an instrument that Bach and Handel indicated as sustaining a major role in the accompaniment of oratorios, cantatas, and operas. Had any temerarious musician seriously advanced the claims of this antiquated relic a contemptuous majority would have dismissed it at once as outmoded, feeble, merely quaint.

In these April performances of the "St. Matthew Passion" the score at last emerged in its incorruption, thanks to the experience and faith of Willem Mengelberg in supervision and conducting, and to the competence of Wanda Landowska in handling the harpsichord part, which she had many times played in performances directed by Mr. Mengelberg in Europe. Because of these two exceptional musicians, the instrumental scheme of the work was restored to virtually the conditions imposed by Bach himself. The result was a novel and arresting beauty of orchestral color. The use of oboi d'amore and of the harpsichord along with the other instruments of Bach's own scoring was responsible for this ravishing result. Presented thus, Bach's orchestra wooed our ears with an unaccustomed and other-worldly loveliness, and through its iridescent fabric the myriad voices of the harpsichord, awakened by Mme Landowska, spoke out with a bardic freedom and fervor. In employing the harpsichord alone as accompaniment to the narrative of the Evangelist, Mme Landowska made it seem the rapturous messenger of a rhapsodic annunciation. As an ensemble instrument, there is a peculiar sonority in its plucked strings that binds together the instrumental and choral bodies and makes the thought of any modern substitute for it a pitiable subterfuge.

One may fearlessly set down these performances of the "St. Matthew Passion" as epoch-making in our local understanding and appreciation of Bach, and thus as the culminating contribution of Wanda Landowska to her advocacy of the harpsichord among us of America and her illustration of the authentic spirit of eighteenth-century music.

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# International Relations Section

## China's Servitudes

By CHARLES HODGES

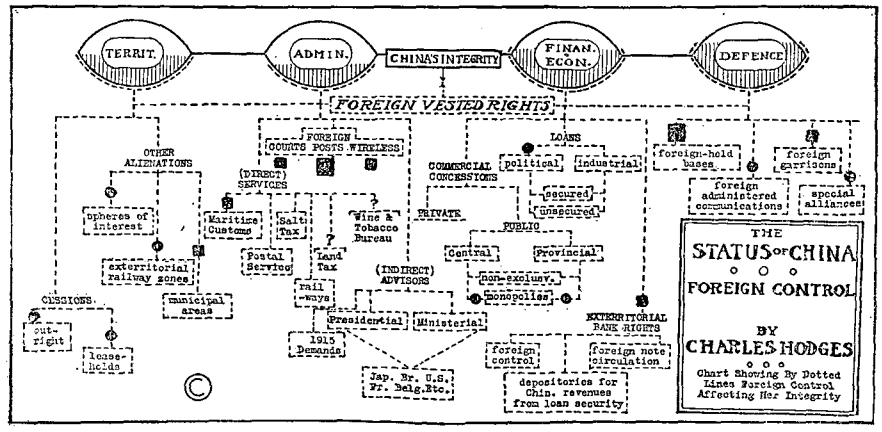
THE treaties and other accumulated diplomatic arrangements between China and the powers constitute the legal basis of the limitations on the free exercise of sovereignty by the Chinese Government. It is a network of undertakings that enmeshed the old Middle Kingdom and which the republic inherited willy-nilly. It is perhaps the greatest network of circumscriptions ever binding a people in the history of the family of nations: its ramifications include jurisdiction over Chinese territory; administrative autonomy; economic freedom of action; and the sovereign right of self-defense. No ancient and honorable people, awakening to their full implications, could fail to resent them. Indeed, did not the Chinese now challenge these admitted infringements of sovereignty, we might well doubt China's right to claim a place in international society.

These foreign "vested rights," as it were, are based upon either general treaties or more or less dubious special arrangements. In the first case, they are buttressed by the combined interests of the powers; in the latter, they depend on the strength of the particular power concerned, and the interlocking of such pretensions with similar rival claims, for their maintenance. The formal treaty arrangements generally cover matters such as China's tolerance of foreign judicial processes and municipal administrations under the exercise of the right of extraterritoriality. The special arrangements between China and the more acquisitive among the powers include pledges regarding the appointment of administrative experts, the use of foreign advisers, and the invidious provisions contained in seemingly legitimate commercial and financial concessions.

The spread of alien interests into the very heart of the machinery of China's governance presents an involved picture of foreign penetration—both political and non-political.

For the purposes of analysis, the situation may be simplified by dividing China's integrity into four distinct aspects. The accompanying graphic presentation separates the problem into matters concerning territory, administration, finance and economics, and defense.

From the time of the First Foreign War China has been threatened by territorial mutilations. The less dangerous, perhaps, have been the outright cessions such as characterized Britain's acquisition of the island of Hongkong in 1842; and the Japanese victory of 1894, the Peace of Shimonoseki giving Japan the island of Formosa in fee simple.




ALIEN CONTROL IN CHINA

*The large black squares indicate privileges the powers pledged themselves at the Washington Conference to return immediately to China.*

*The small black squares indicate foreign interests to be curtailed or abolished in the future.*

*The small black circles mark activities which the powers agree will not be extended or renewed in the future.*

*Unmarked: alien control not affected by any action of the powers.*

China's defeat at the hands of Japan opened up the phase of indirect territorial alienation through leaseholds and the development of preferential foreign rights of a particular power in a part of the vast territories of China comprehended in the term spheres of interest. Alienation by leasehold was initiated by Germany in her acquisition of the base of Kiaochow for the period of ninety-nine years under a convention concluded in 1898. Russia, France, Britain, and, subsequently, Japan became beneficiaries of the process at China's territorial expense. The spheres of interest were negative rather than positive; that is, they were pledges exacted from the Chinese Government to the effect that certain parts of China, wherein particular powers held they possessed primary interests, would not be thrown open to rivals for development without prior consultation with the power supposed to be first concerned. These spheres were built up on the ground of territorial propinquity, as in the case of Russia in Manchuria or France in South China, and reinforced by the possession of a strategic leasehold with its implied or state right to the "hinterland"; or they rested on commercial predominance, instanced by the British policy of prior interests in the Yangtze Valley. The documentary basis was either treaties between China and foreign nations individually concerned or agreements confirming the division of the spoils among the powers themselves—as witness the Anglo-German Agreement of 1898 and the similar Anglo-Russian undertaking in the following year. In addition, the development of special railway zones, best seen in Manchuria, created lines of communication administered under the policing and law of the dominant power.

Finally, there are the municipal areas wherein all the nationals of foreign powers, under the general treaty rights, enjoy the privilege of residence and trade under their own administrations in most instances.

Alien influences in the government of China are of three sorts. They are the foreign direction of the most important Chinese sources of revenue under international regimes; the extraterritorial administrative invasions covering courts, postal communications, and wireless; and the general use of foreign advisers and experts in China's administration, many of them occupying their positions by virtue of the diplomatic influence of their home governments.

The direct invasions of China's administrative integrity are long-standing. The maritime customs came into being through the breakdown of Chinese administration at the time of the Taiping Rebellion in the 1850's, the Americans, British, and French providing emergency machinery under which their na-

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tionals continued to pay the 5 per cent duties imposed under the first foreign treaties. Circumstances led to British predominance in customs direction from that time, the Chinese Government in 1898 confirming the appointment of a British subject to the inspector generalship so long as Britain's trade exceeded that of other powers.

The treaty powers also have a vise-like grip on Chinese fiscal autonomy. The exactions of the early nineteenth-century Chinese officials were a fruitful source of difficulties between foreigners and the Middle Kingdom, and the early treaties made the tariff duties part of the international agreements. These duties are still fixed by convention and China is not free to change them except by the consent of the treaty powers. In a world of changing values and national circumstances, China has found the "conventional tariff" to be one of her most costly concessions to the foreigner. Not only has the preponderance of alien commercial interest been thrown against any endeavor of the Chinese to gain the revisions to which they have been entitled; anything like a protective tariff for native industry has been out of the question.

The Chinese posts, originally part of the custom service, fell under the influence of the French; an exchange of notes between France and China, likewise in 1898, committed the Chinese to the use of French advice in postal reorganization, and it was reinforced in 1902. Later the direction of the Salt Gabelle, taken over by the central government from the provinces in 1909, fell to another British subject. All of these "'services" are likewise "stiffened" by foreign subordinates; and until recently, apart from the nominal Chinese headship, the Chinese were but slowly advanced into the higher positions of administration. The honesty and the efficiency of these internationally manned services cannot be gainsaid; but dubious diplomatic claims have from time to time crept into even the recruiting and assignment of foreign officials. This second group of alien administrative interests, the posts, wireless, and courts, rise and fall with the status of extraterritoriality. They are administrative invasions of Chinese sovereignty—abnormally resting on essentially abnormal international conditions.

The third group of foreign vested "rights" are indirect in character, comprised in the advisers of a dozen different nationalities on the pay roll of the Chinese Government. The powers are very jealous of the opportunities presented by having an expert strategically placed, in a position to watch national interests while serving the general cause of China's modernization; and the Chinese are far from free to choose whom they shall pay to shepherd them out of Oriental governmental ways. Some of the bitterest battles among the Peking legations have arisen in the conflict of foreign interests represented by the appointment of this man or the dropping of that; and the history of Japanese endeavors to oust the American adviser to the Ministry of Communications in post-war days is a typical instance of what is taking place behind the scenes and not included in the State Department's annual "Foreign Relations of the United States," under our usual official editorial policy.

Passing to financial and economic matters, we come to the real material interests behind the play of diplomacy. Leaseholds, with spheres of interest and influence, were the attempts of foreign offices to stake out political claims to economic monopolies. Extraterritoriality in the widest sense was but the means to a commercial end—the opening of a great market with the greatest security to Western enterprise. The services under foreign control were to assure foreign bondholders, on the one hand, of their coupons being met; and, on the other, of the maintenance of equitably administered charges on alien business. The foreign advisers were listening posts for national opportunities and pawns in the game of remaking China, at a price, according to specifications dictated by particular national interests. These came out into the open in the struggle for concessions dealing with commercial opportunities, railway development, and loans. In the heyday of this dollar diplomacy, it meant monopolistic commercial rights manipulated from China's central or provincial authorities in the face of bitter rivals; and political loans of the most questionable banking character.

These developments, so especialy marked since the close of the nineteenth century, vitally affected China's defense. Leaseholds meant foreign-occupied bases. The diplomatic balancing of one power against another meant the progressive undermining of the military position of China, as each of the foreign nations concerned sought to strengthen its Far Eastern grip. Ultimately, it meant war—conflict within China's territorial jurisdiction between alien powers—as shown by the Russo-Japanese War of 1904, fought in Manchuria, and the Japanese intervention against Germany in Shantung with the outbreak of the Great War in 1914. Other complications presented themselves in foreign garrisons elsewhere in China; the military menace of foreign-administered communications, especially in combination with extraterritorial railway zones confined principally to the old ex-Russian and the prevailing Japanese interests in North China; and special alliances, such as the notorious Sino-Japanese Arms Pact of 1918.

Foreign armed forces on Chinese soil fall into three classes—legation guards maintained under the provisions of the Boxer Protocol; other regular national forces; and local corps of foreign volunteers. Under the first group there are about 1,000 troops of the treaty powers in the Legation Quarter of Peking; and at points commanding access from China's capital to the sea are 4,000 more. The nationalities include American, British, French, Italian, and Japanese forces. The special position of Japan in Manchuria is marked by railway guards and garrisons, based on the reversion to Japan of the old Russian treaty rights in this respect following the War of 1904-1905. A Japanese army division normally is stationed in South Manchuria; and sixteen independent battalions of railway guards, each unit numbering over 600 rank and file, may be maintained under the Treaty of Portsmouth. The local corps are best exemplified by the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, a municipal militia numbering some 1,500 men of all arms. England also maintains Sikhs recruited as police in her treaty "settlements."

There are four phases in the efforts of China and the powers to readjust these perversions of international relations. While the original treaties between China and the outside world contemplated periodic revision of provisions such as dealt with the 5 per cent ad valorem tariff, little had been done during the nineteenth century. But after the Boxer troubles of 1900 the way seemed pointed for a reformation of these fiscal conditions. The Mackay treaty with Britain in 1902, followed by similar ones negotiated with Japan and the United States in 1903, pledged these powers to revise the conventional customs duties every ten

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years and promised increases in the level of rates, provided China herself reformed in particular the native customs, or *likin*, charges. Moreover, the then Imperial Chinese government stiffened its attitude toward the railway and bank diplomacy of the more predatory powers. Between 1900 and 1908, the basic principle of Chinese ownership was written into every concession for communications; and during the period 1908-1913, it was supplemented by the insistence on Chinese administrative control with foreign experts confined to specified posts.

The troublesome days of the republican revolution of 1911-1912 were hardly out of the way before the Great War ushered in the critical period in recent Chinese affairs. The efforts of the Chinese Government to force the tariff issue in 1912 on the double ground that the customs yield had fallen below the 5 per cent basis stipulated in the Boxer Protocol of 1901, and that the Anglo-Chinese Commercial Treaty of the following year provided for revision within a decade, failed of acceptance by the powers. With the recognition of the Chinese Republic in 1913, the question was again blocked by the attitude of Italy, Russia, and Japan. But the desire of the Allies to get China into the Great War by 1917, with the customs yield dropping to 3 per cent, brought about the customs conference of 1918; it at last enabled the Chinese to get the fourteen nations involved to agree to slightly more adequate rates within even the low treaty percentages. Here the diplomacy of the United States was used to underwrite the Allies, America promising China very definite support in the eventual peace conference that was to go to the roots of the whole question—from tariff autonomy to foreign leaseholds.

China failed to get any consideration of her claims at the Paris Conference. The Chinese Delegation presented forty-one pages of exquisitely printed memoranda entitled Questions for Readjustment which covered the renunciation of spheres of interest; the withdrawal of all foreign forces and police; the closing of all alien posts and other communications; the abolition of consular jurisdiction; the relinquishment of lease territories; the restoration of foreign settlements; and tariff autonomy. This program, inspired, we may say, by the pledge of American cooperation, was buttressed by a 90-page "Claim of China for Direct Restitution to Herself of Kiaochow," and a 47-page "Claim of China," etc., for the abrogation of the notorious Japanese treaties of 1915. The subsequent story of the refusal of the Chinese Delegation to sign the peace treaty is the record of our first great failure to meet the full implications of the Far East situation at Paris in 1919.

The Washington Conference opened the fourth phase of China's pilgrimage in search of justice at the hands of the powers in 1921. Sandwiched into the primary issue of naval armaments, the problem of China was again sidestepped as much as it was advanced toward any fundamental solution. The return of foreign-held bases was begun with Japan's assent to retrocede the leasehold of Kiaochow and Britain's similar action regarding her adjacent holding of Wei-hai-wei; but Japan was not affected in South Manchuria, nor was France inclined toward any generosity regarding her leasehold of Kwangchow-wan in south China. All the powers, however, maintaining postal administrations in the Chinese Republic's territories agreed to their suppression. These comprise the restitutions the powers proposed immediately to make to China's sovereignty.

The second category of actions at the Arms Conference regarding hapless China deals with pledges made by the powers as to curtailing or eventually abolishing certain privileges. The solution of the basic issues of (1) extra-territoriality, and (2) tariff autonomy, were pushed once more into the future. The first problem was dealt with in Resolution 4, promising China a commission of inquiry into the administration of justice to report within a year of its convening, internal conditions, however, obliging China herself to ask its postponement. The second was subject of a special customs treaty—heretofore held up by France's refusal of ratification—laying down a systematic modernization of the Chinese tariff. The provisions covered an immediate temporary revision to further adjust the work the commission of 1922 already was undertaking; the imposition of a surtax to aid Peking revenues; further increases in the customs charges when China reformed her entirely native-controlled *likin;* and a schedule of duties to be revised every seven years. In this group also goes Resolution 6, which provided a commission to consider the withdrawal of all armed forces from China; it was made contingent upon that country's ability to "assure the protection of lives and property of foreigners."

The third category includes those declarations of principle set forth in the first, or "Nine-Power," treaty signed at Washington dealing with the problem of China. Sponsored by the United States, the agreement represents a restatement of the accumulated policies of American diplomacy in regard to East Asia embodied in the most formal of compacts adhered to by all the principal powers. It attempted no reformation of existing conditions but dealt exclusively with the none-too-bright future—once again there was pledged adherence to the "open door"; equality of opportunity was bolstered up to cover every diplomatic maneuver toward preferential interests; China's integrity was reaffirmed; and the undermining spheres of influence, the monopolistic concessions, the sinister combinations among the powers in defiance of such excellent principles were denounced. Applied a quarter of a century prior to the Washington Conference, it would have blocked the political, administrative, and economic enervation of China by recent world politics—or precipitated war on the Pacific.

## Contributors to This Issue

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